Dedicated

To

National Integration

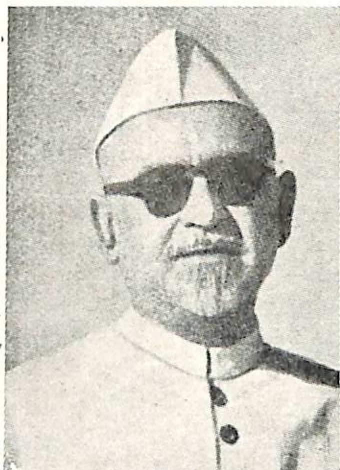
"I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want cultures of all lands to be blown about my home as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any."

Mahatma Gandhi

Dr. S. RADHAKRISHNAN has conveyed his appreciation of our objectives.

and

Sm. PADMAJA NAIDU has sent us her good wishes.



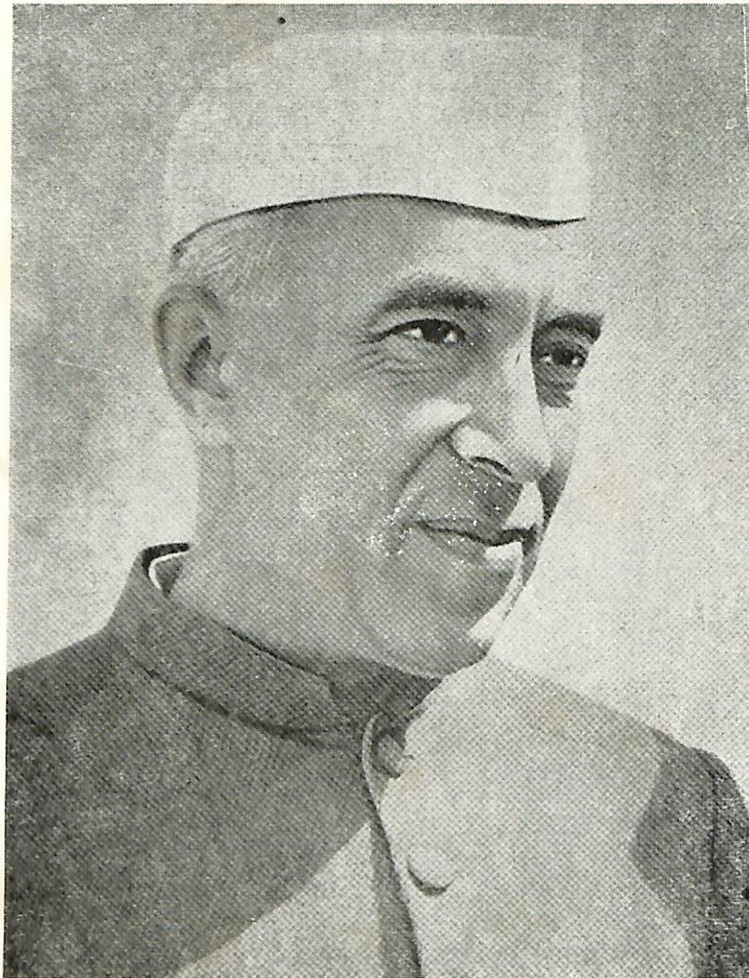
VICE-PRESIDENT
INDIA
NEW DELHI

Dear Shri Kashkari,

Thank you for your letter of the 19th July. I am glad to learn that you are bringing out the Annual Number of your Journal on the Independence Day. I wish your endeavours all success.

Yours sincerely,

Zakir Husain



"Who can excel him in the love of the country ?....

And if he has the dash and rashness of a warrior, he has also the prudence of a statesman. A lover of discipline, he has shown himself to be capable of rigidly submitting to it even where it has seemed irksome.

He is undoubtedly an extremist, thinking far ahead of his surroundings. But he is humble and practical enough not to force the pace to the breaking point.

He is pure as crystal, he is truthful beyond suspicion.

He is a knight *sans peur, sans reproche*. The nation is safe in his hands."

Mahatma Gandhi



Pahalgam (Kashmir).

July 7, 1962.

Dear Shri Kashkari,

I have received your letter of 4th July while I am staying at Pahalgam in Kashmir.

For any attempt to encourage literary and cultural activities, you have my good wishes. But I must confess that such activities confined to separate States or community groups, tend to keep up our divisions and are, perhaps, a slight barrier towards the integration of all peoples in India. Kashmir undoubtedly has something to give to India in the way of culture and literature. While this should be encouraged, I hope that any narrowness of approach will not take place. Our principal aim must be to develop a common culture all over India which will include the separate States cultures and will thus help in the process of integration.

Yours sincerely,

Jawaharlal Nehru

Shri C.N. Kashkari,
Editor,
Kashmir Sabha Annualfor Kashmir Sabha,
Calcutta.



Camp : Lake View Guest House
Hyderabad-4
Dated the 28th July, 1962

I am glad to learn that the Kashmir Sabha of Calcutta proposes to bring out an annual issue in connection with India's Independence Day. Kashmir has been not only an integral part of India but also a part where cultural integration was attempted and brought about in the past to a great extent. It is not only one of the original homes of the Aryans as they came from the North-west but it became the birth place of many important currents in our cultural history. Most important thing at the present moment after the political integration of India is to strengthen its cultural integration, so that the integration may be complete and lasting. We have maintained the unity of India in the absence of political unity, only on account of cultural background and now that political independence has been achieved it should be easy to strengthen that unity beyond all risks of disintegration. This is what is being attempted and I wish the Kashmir Sabha all success.

Rajendra Prasad

(Rajendra Prasad)

CHIEF MINISTER
West Bengal

Calcutta
The 31st July 1962

MESSAGE

I am glad that "Kashmir Sabha" will publish an Annual on the 15th August 1962—India's Independence Day. India is a vast country inhabited by peoples of many religions, languages and races. Of late there have been signs of some fissiparous tendencies. We must combat these and promote the emotional integration of the country. In this task I am sure that "Kashmir Sabha" will have a significant contribution to make.

Prafulla Chandra Sen

(P. C. Sen)

Industries & Commerce Minister,
Jammu & Kashmir, Srinagar.

MESSAGE

"I am happy to know that the Kashmir Sabha of Calcutta are bringing out an Annual Number of their monthly Bulletin on Independence Day. Kashmiris wherever they are, should, as an integral and important element in the nation be increasingly conscious of the significant role that Kashmir has been destined to play in strengthening the secular and domocratic spirit in the country. I am sure the Kashmir Sabha and its journal will emphasise this fact and also help the Kashmiris outside the State to inculcate a national outlook without losing sight of their special regional character which is a proud possession of the national cultural heritage. I wish the Sabha and its journal every success in this laudable venture.

(D. P. Dhar)

MINISTERY OF STEEL &
HEAVY INDUSTRIES
INDIA.
New Delhi
20th July 1962

MESSAGE

"It gives me great pleasure to know that the Kashmir Sabha, Calcutta, is bringing out their annual number on an aus picious day like India's Inde pendence Day. It is good that the Sabha has ventured to bring out articles on spiritual, religious and cultural topics. I wish the magazine all success."

(C. Subramaniam)

From Shri C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

''My best wishes to the Kashmiris of Calcutta in their efforts to hold together and enrich the Indian cultural mosaic.''

From Sir C. V. RAMAN

''I am glad to hear of the activities of the Kashmir Sabha and that you are bringing out an Annual on the 15th August—India's Independence Day.

I am writing to send you my heartiest good wishes for the success of the Sabha.''

From Lt. Gen. B.M. KAUL, CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF

''I wish ''KASHMIR SABHA'' the best of luck in social and cultural activities.''

From

Dr. K. N. Katju

A variety of reasons have induced the Kashmiri Pandits in the past centuries to leave their homes and migrate to India. The dominating reason, among others, was seeking after opportunities for further public service. During recent years this migration has been much larger in volume. The Kashmiri Pandits who have made their homes in India in the past 200 to 300 years have rendered distinguished service to the cause of Indian nationalism, and have enriched the national life by earning distinction in many fields of service, administrative, professional and technical. Since the advent of independence avenues for service have further been opened and I rejoice that many Kashmiri Pandits have shown their aptitude and ability for distinguished service in the armed forces. Free and independent India demands from every citizen of India devotion to the motherland and a readiness for service. In order to enable one to render requisite service it is desirable that our young men and women should acquire high efficiency not only in the academic fields but also in professional and technical spheres. Kashmir is a part of India and you cannot now even suggest that migration from Kashmir is a migration from home to another land. For all Bharat Nivasis Bharat is their home. Shifting from one part of India to another does not make a change in our homes. I am glad to know that the Kashmir Sabha at Calcutta is bringing out an Annual. I send my greetings and best wishes for the success and prosperity of the members of the Sabha.

From

Shri Sham Lal Saraf

Kashmir as a part of Bharat, has a History replete with events which speak for themselves. Almost cut of for most of the year from the rest of the Country, because of high mountain walls sorrounding the Valley and pretty bad communications existing then, it provided opportunities to our Ancestors to mostly confine to study and thinking, as the sorroundings in which they lived provided enough food for thought for both. Luckily it a had Climate so salubrious ; sorroundings exquisite; the Landscape bewitching and full of charm; Rivers, Rivulets, streams and waterfalls dancing and playing all the time all over the Valley; Foothills and mountainsides studded with ever gushing, life-giving and sweet water fountains; inner vales, dales and mountain lakes and last but not the least lovely breezy forests spread all over from time immemorial provided thought provoking subjects for thinking and learning to the Inhabitants of this "Divine Valley" All these sorroundings and circumstances have, therefore culminated in our Ancestors turning towards LEARNING & SCHOLARSHIP. They experimented successfully and wrote on Philosophy . Religion, Culture, made deep studies on Sciences, Architecture, Sculpture Poetry, Soil Chemistry & Agriculture, Astrology & Astronomy and History etc., etc. One of the foremost Historians of the World has been 'Kalhana' who wrote 'Rajataringini'. Kashmir developed its own thought on 'Shaivism' known as 'Kashmir Shaivism' all over the World. This has been reckoned as a monumental thought on Religion and Philosophy.

Wishing the Sabha all success in taking up the **CAUSE** that is so dear to all of us and also praying for your prosperity and a happy life in the true sense of the term.

From

Shri UDAY SHANKAR

I am very happy to know that you have formed a social and cultural association under the name of ''Kashmir Sabha'' in Calcutta.

I send my best wishes for the association and the annual published by you.

From

Shri Prithviraj Kapoor

I whole heartedly welcome Kashmir Sabha, your social and Cultural Association. The aims and objects of which are highly laudable. May God in His supreme wisdom grant you strength to contribute your mite in the great cause of the National and Emotional Integration of our beloved Bharata.

Wishing you God speed,

To the Awakened India

Swami Vivekananda

Once more awake !
For sleep it was, not death, to bring thee life
Anew, and rest to lotus-eyes, for visions
Daring yet. The world in need awaits, O Truth !
No death for thee !
Resume thy march,
With gentle feet that would not break the
Peaceful rest, even of the road-side dust
That lies so low. Yet strong and steady,
Blissful, bold and free. Awakener, ever
Forward ! Speak thy stirring words.
Thy home is gone,
Where loving hearts had brought thee up, and
Watched with joy thy growth. But Fate is strong—
This is the law,—all things come back to the source
They sprung, their strength to renew.
Then start afresh
From the land of thy birth, where vast cloud-belted
Snows do bless and put their strength in thee,
For working wonders new. The heavenly
River tune thy voice to her own immortal song ;
Deodar shades give thee eternal peace.
And all above,
Himala's daughter Uma, gentle, pure,
The Mother that resides in all as Power
And Life, who works all works, and
Makes of One the world, whose mercy
Opens the gate to Truth, and shows
The One in All, give thee untiring
Strength, which is Infinite Love.
They bless thee all,
The seers great, whom age nor clime
Can claim their own, the fathers of the
Race, who felt the heart of Truth the same,
And bravely taught to man ill-voiced or
Well. Their servant, thou hast got
The secret,—'tis but One.
Then speak, O Love !—
Before thy gentle voice serene, behold how
Visions melt, and fold on fold of dreams
Departs to void, till Truth and Truth alone,
In all its glory shines.—
And tell the world—
Awake, arise, and dream no more !
This is the land of dreams, where Karma
Weaves unthreaded garlands with our thoughts,
Of flowers sweet or noxious,—and none
Has root or stem, being born in naught, which
The softest breath of Truth drives back to
Primal nothingness. Be bold, and face
The Truth ! Be one with it ! Let visions cease,
Or, if you cannot, dream but truer dreams,
Which are Eternal Love and Service Free.

EDITORIAL

On this auspicious Independence Day, we present our Annual under the name of "VITASTA"—Vedic name of River Jhelum.

We issued our first News letter on the 15th of August 1959 and since then we have seen this little baby grow and this year's Annual is a landmark, holding in the coming years a great promise of making humble but valuable contribution in literary and cultural fields, through its pages.

The messages that we have received wishing us success in our efiorts have emphasized that although India is a vast country, the inner content underneath the surface variations, in regional and cultural patterns, is the same. Through the passage of history, India has, from the earliest pre-vedic period, assimilated various cultural influences. Such influences have added colour and richness to the Indian cultural landscape, without altering its basic theme and personality.

The main theme of messages received by us is National Integration of India. The cause of integrating India into one Nation is of prime importance at present and is being emphasized by leaders, statesmen, historians and scientists alike.

Throughout the vicissitudes of History, our small community has never hesitated to relegate the group interest to a position of subservience when National consideration demanded it. Time has again come, when we must again demonstrate by example and by precept in our individual capacity and as an enlightened community, that we are Indians first.

Y. M. C. A.,
25, Chowringhee Road,
Calcutta-13.

C. N. Kashkari,
Editor, "VITASTA".

"VITASTA"

Kashmiris have lived on the banks of the 'Vitasta', also known as Jhelum, since the time of Kashyap Rishi.

Mountain stream : 'Vishoe' from 'Kaunsernag', 'Ambravati' from 'Sheshnag', 'Liddar' from 'Kolhai', 'Pohru' from 'Handawara' and the 'Sendh' from the glaciers of 'Sonamarg' come rushing down the slopes to merge in the placid calmness of 'Vitasta'.

The source of 'Vitasta'—'Verinag'—is neither a glacier, nor a mountain lake, but a spring at the foot of a hill. The deep blue colour of its water, and the calmness of the beautiful surroundings, lend to it a semblence of mystery. One almost feels as if Vitasta is a fond gift to this heaven on earth—springing from her very heart. And as she grows in her size, in her course down the valley, you see her meandering her way with the grace of a ballerina.

One could verily call Kashmir as the valley of 'Vitasta'. Kashmiris have clung to her with all the fondness she deserves ; with their little hamlets, and towns ; with their temples and mosques ; with their weeping willows, poplars, chinars and gliding gandolas ; and she has become an integral part of the life of sinewy youngmen, the beautiful belles, children and the aged, in moments of happiness and times of sorrow.

In return she has bestowed on them her placidity, her gentleness and her beauty in ample bounty—and you see these handsome and good natured people living through the centuries in kind kinship and mutual amity.

It is not surprising therefore, as Dr. Rajendra Prasad has rightly said, that the cultural integration should have been attemped and achieved in Kashmir since the earliest times. How inharmonius would it have looked otherwise, in the placidity that permeates natural surroundings in the valley. The perenial symbol of that spirit of toleration and mutual goodwill, one can rightly say is the 'Vitasta'—the river of toleration and mutual amity.

Every Kashmiri, whether in Kashmir or outside, carries this spirit of Vitasta, in the very fibre of his being. In ancient times they enriched the cultural life of India, within living memory they identified themselves heart and soul with the struggle for Indian emancipation ; and now, Kashmiris, in Kashmir or spread over this vast sub-continent, will respond to the call for India's integration and display once more their inner qualities of toleration, mutual goodwill, and kind kinship, above race, above creed, above caste !

Symbolical Importance of Kashmir

Dr. Kalidas Nag

The crux of India's frontier problems lay in Kashmir. As it is to-day, so it was a thousand years ago, in the days of Kalhan Pandit, the reputed author of Rajatarangini, "streamlets of Royal dynasties" of Kashmir. Her natural beauties gripped the attention of races from age to age.

The first unifier of this vast sub-continent was Emperor Ashoka (270 B. C. to 230 B. C.) who visited both Kashmir and Nepal and thus initiated the "Himalayan diplomacy". After the Mauryan Empire, the Saka-Kushanas and Hunas and western Turks frequented Kashmir leaving behind their art relics and treasures, coins, sculptures and architectures which some day, we hope, will be reproduced in a memorial volume worthy of Kashmir. The Mughul rulers and their queens made their personal contributions in beautifying the superb gardening, of Kashmir famous all over the world.

In fact, the past, the present and the future of Kashmir are linked up with the entire history of India. The plot of first successful play of Rabindra Nath Tagore, "The King and Queen" (Raja-O-Rani) was laid in Kashmir. Like Switzerland of Europe, Kashmir is the confluence of different languages and cultures. So classical Sanskrit and Romantic Persians fused with the dialects of the Sino-Tebetan hill folks, who fraternized in the transformation of Budhism **(Hina-Yana)** into Maha-Yana, which took the message of **Maitri** (Fraternity) across Central Asian deserts (Serindia) to China, Korea and Japan.

In the palace museums of Peking and in Japanese Imperial Museum (Sosho-in), I found **Vide :** Discovery of Asia (1959) and Greater India (1960) lovely relics of art, carvings and ornaments which reminded me of the beautiful things I saw in lovely Kashmir. The Indus and the Swat River valley was thoroughly explored by Sri Auriel Stein, helped by Kashmir antiquarians like Pandit Kaul and others. Emperor Harsha (600 to 640 A.D.) renewed the political-cultural relations of Bengal and Eastern India with Kashmir, in the reign of Rudra-pida, builder of the famous Martand (Sun) temple of Kashmir. We find there the harmonious blending of Graec-O-Roman, the Scytho-parthian, and Sassanian styles of architecture. Only a century ago, Gen. Cunningham wrote a book called "Ladakh or Indian Kashmir". So, along with the divinities of Budhist and Shaiva-parthian, we find in the gallaries of Kashmir, lovely traces of **Shakti**-worship (Mother-cult) and the face of Devi Parvati shows the clear mark of Mangoloit oblique'eyed Parvati. Thus so many phases of Indian culture could be studied in that encyclopaedia of Indian art and graces, which is Kashmir and we hope that the present Historian Vice-Chancellor of the Kashmir University Dr. Panikkar would give a new orientation to the study of Oriental Arts by ordering the compilation of a real Kashmir Encyclopaedia, not forgetting the Indo-Iranian miniature paintings radiating from Srinagar and Jamu to Basauli and Kangara and the Punjab hill state adjoining Kashmir. In tapestry and embroidery, especially the Kashmir Shawl design, is world famous, which should be studied with the carpets and shawls from Uzebekistan, Turkmanistan and other parts of Soviet Central Asia as we find from their growing collections of Arts and crafts in Moscow, Tashkent and Leningard.

Nearly two thousand years ago, the archaeologists dug up the tiles of Harwan and Hushtinapur named after Emperor Huwishika, son or grandson of **Yue-Chi** Emperor Kanishka, who like Ashoka, convened a veritable congress of religions (the third Budhist Council). Thus **toleration** was the keynote of Kashmiri culture, which would help the cause of Indian integration if we publish an illustrated edition of Kashmir chronicle above race, creeds or cultures.

The pre-aryan races used to speak a dialect called **Paisachi Prakrit** which along with Sanskrit must have left many manuscripts crumbling in the humid climate. So conservation is a difficult problem for which we must depend upon the expert help of UNESCO authorities.

Border problems as in Kashmir must necessarily be very complicated but that is no season

why these should prove baffling. On the contrary we should begin work hopefully from right now and leave to our posterity some objective solutions of the complicated problems, even of Himalayan magnitude. For Gandhiji showed us the path of unity through diversity, realised also in Kashmir by Swami Vivekananda in the Khir Bhawani temple.

With these few words I record my best wishes for the **Kashmir Sabha** which has rightly taken up the burden of solving some of the most difficult problems to solve at the cost of even comitting "Himalayan blunders"—a great moral challenge of Mahatma Gandhi, the world Pacifist to modern India.

The Appeal of Vedanta to Modern Man

Swami Ranganathananda
Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Calcutta

India is noted for her long cultural history, unbroken for over five thousand years. During this impressive long career, she has experienced life in all its aspects. This has invested her culture with a rare quality of richness, variety, and maturity, characterized by a broad **Weltanschauung,** or world-view, and a deep religious and spiritual outlook.

What is that religion or philosophy—for both are inextricably connected from the Indian point of view—which has comprehended and sustained every aspect of her culture and life ? India herself has given no particular name to this religion or philosophy, though she has evolved and fostered, in later ages, a large number of cults and creeds, bearing specific names and forms. The terms 'Hindu' and Hinduism' were coined by people outside India, especially the ancient Iranians, to designate the people and religion of the country (India) to the east of the river Sindhu (Indus). The term 'India' itself is a Greek and modern Western derivation from the older Iranian term 'Hind'. Indian thinkers themselves called their religion by the general, but significant, term **'sanatanadharma'**, 'Eternal Religion'. We can study the central features of this **sanatana-dharma** in the Upanisads, or the Vedanta, which are the closing portions of the Vedic literature. It is not a set creed or dogma that is set forth in these Upnisads ; in them, we are in the presence of that earnest passion in the search for truth in nature, life, and experience, characteristic of all true science ; and fearlessness pervades that search and the announcement of the insights gained. A dispassionate and intelligent study of the way ancient India raised this enduring structure of religion, as well as the nature and content of that religion, with its limitless and all-comprehending spirituality, can be a very rewarding intellectual and spiritual discipline to men and women today.

The Vedic age of ancient Indian history was drawing to close. The atmosphere was charged with a mood of questioning and enquiry ; the spirit of freedom was in the air. The interest of the Indian mind was shifting from the study of the external world to the study of the internal world. The study of external physical nature could not give conclusive answers to the pressing problems of thought—the nature of the universe, of man, and of his destiny. Perhaps, the study of man, it was felt, might help to unravel the mystery of existence ; at least, it offered a new and mysterious field of investigation. This phenomenon in the history of ancient India is paralleled by a similar interest in the subject of man and in his inner life evinced by thinkers in the modern age. The inner world, constituted by the mind of man with its facts of consciousness, the moral sense, the feeling of individuality, logical and rational powers, the states of waking, dream, and deep sleep, and a vague sense of deathlessness and survival, offered a challenge to the gifted thinkers of the day ; and they accepted this challenge and wrestled with it, individually and in groups, with a persistence and objectivity rare in the history of philosophic thought. The impressive record of these endeavours and the truth and insights gained therefrom has been preserved for humanity in the immortal literature, the Upanisads. Since they contain the quintessence of the philosophy of the Vedas, the Upanisads are also known as the Vedanta.

The Vedanta is the product of a fearless quest of truth by minds which were 'undisturbed by the thought of there being a public to please or critics to appease', as Max Muller terms it (**Three Lectures on Vedanta Philosophy,** p. 39). And the search was thoroughly objective and detached : free from the moods and predilections of personality, thought forged ahead step by step under the stimulus of a passion for truth and in a perfect atmosphere of freedom ; diverse facts of the world of internal nature were noted and classified ; theories were advanced, challenged, subjected to verification, and, finally, accepted or rejected, unhampered by fear of authority or love of dogma ; accepted beliefs were questioned, sometimes ridiculed, often rejected without a tear, and there emerged the beautiful edifice of thought known as the Vedanta, impersonal in approach, and therefore universal in spirit,

whose rationality and spirituality have made it a synthesis of philosophy religion, and ethics in one.

This was the fruit of the intellectual and spiritual ferment that swept over a portion of India at that time—the region comprised in modern Eastern Punjab, Uttar Pradesh, and Western Bihar. The best minds of the age were involved in it, sages and kings, men, women, and youths. The Upanisads give us a picture of a dynamic age : an arresting procession of students and teachers in quest of truth and wisdom ; an impressive record of their dialogues in small groups and large assemblies ; a flight, now and then ; into the regions of the sublime caught in snatches of vigorous and graceful poetry and in an array of beautiful metaphors and telling imageries. These varied features of the Upanisads invest them with the beauty and charm of enduring literature and the loftiness and vigour of a live philosophy.

The **rsis** or sages of the Upanisads discovered the laws that govern the inner world, much as physical scientists discover the laws of external physical nature. The laws, or the facts which they seek to explain, are not 'created' by the scientists ; they are as beginningless as the universe itself, but they were unknown to man till he gave himself a discipline in detachment, objectivity, and precision, born of a passion for truth, which constitutes the scientific mind and temper. The scientist is but the 'discoverer' if the laws of nature ; and knowledge if these laws enables him to control the forces and workings of nature. Indian thought accords the same position to these sages, who discovered the spiritual truths recorded in the Vedas, aided by minds sharpened by intellectual, moral, and spiritual discipline.

'By the Vedas no books are meant', says Swami Vivekananda, in his address to the Parliament of Religions, held at Chicago in 1893. 'They mean the accumulated treasury of spiritual laws, discovered by different persons at different times. Just as the law of gravitation existed before its discoverey, and would exist if all humanity forget it, so is it with the laws that govern the spiritual world. The moral, ethical, and spiritual relations between soul and soul, and between individual spirits and the Father of all spirits, were there before their discovery, and would remain even if we forget them.

'The discoverers of these laws are called **rsis,** and we honour them as perfected beings. I am glad to tell this audience that some of the very greatest of them were women' (**The Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda,** Vol. I. pp. 4-5).

This rsihood, this capacity to discover spiritual truths, is not the monopoly of India. In fact, Indian thought holds that it is a universal phenomenon. The Vedanta holds that it is this very effort and its culmination that constitute religion. Religion is **anubhava**, realization, and not a matter of mere belief in or conformity to, a creed or dogma. The Vedanta has taught India to recognize in non-Indian sages, like Christ or Lao Tse, o St Francis, or Eckhart, authentic expressions of man's highest spiritual experience. One of the enduring fruits of Vedanta has been peace and harmony, tolerance and acceptance.

This flows from its teaching of the nonduality of the ultimate Reality and the possibility of different approaches to it. The **Rg-veda** gave eloquent expression to this great idea in its famous line : **'Ekam sat, vipra bahudha vadanti**— Truth is one, sages call it by various names.' This sentiment was taken up and amplified by every subsequent teacher of Indian thought—from Sri Krisna in the Gita, through Buddha and Asoka, Sankara and Akbar, down to Sri Ramakrishna in our own age, until it has become the most distingushing mark of the Indian religious and cultural outlook.

Another important teaching of the Vedanta is the innate divinity of man. To the purified vision of the Vedantic sages, man appeared as divinity struggling for expression through the psycho-physical organism. Purity, knowledge, and freedom are his essential nature. 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you', assures Jesus. The story of evolution is the story of the manifestation of this divinity, through suitable changes in the environment and in the organism. This evolution is thwarted or helped by adverse or favourable natural conditions in the early stages, and by social and personal factors in the later ones. The spirit in man, in the course of evolution, evercomes all obstacles to its free expression, making for civilization, culture and, finally, spiritual enlightenment. Christs and Budhas represent the final goal of this long process of evolution.

And that introduces us to the third significant idea of Vedanta that the goal of life is spiritual realization, the fullest manifestation of

the Divine within, in life and conduct. Food and clothing, shelter and security, power and knowledge, politics and society,are not ends in themselves, says the Vedanta. They are but the means for the fullest development of man, the complete manifestation of the perfection already in him, which is the end. The exhortation of Jesus expresses this idea and this hope : 'Be ye therefore perfect even as the Father which is in heaven is perfect.'

The Vedanta views the life of man in its wholeness. Its theme is Man—Man in search of fullness of truth, beauty, and goodness Part of this search is in the external world; but the most significant part of this search lies in the internal world. The first gives social welfare, through the applications of the physical and and social sciences; the second gives spiritual freedom, through the disciplines of morality and religion. There can be no conflict between the two, the secular and the sacred, as they only refer to two different stages in the growth of the **same** individual. And the Vedanta emphasizes this idea of growth, development, and realization as the central characteristic of life at all levels—physical, mental, moral, and death at every level. Hence its constant refrain is: 'Arise, Awake, and stop not till the goal is reached' (**Vide Katha Upanisad, III. 14**).

The Vedanta arose out of the literature of the Upanisads. At a later age, it found its best and most dynamic expression as a comprehensive spirituality, through Sri Krsna, in the **Gita.** Still later, it found another significant development, as the spirituality of renunciation and compassion, in the great Buddha. Twelve hundred years later still appeared the brilliant philosopher Sankara, in whom the Vedanta achieved its most rational formulation, with the widest intellectual sweep. And in our own time, the Vedanta found two dynamic representatives Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda, who, in the last century, gathered up all the past developments of this ancient thought to produce a sweeping synthesis of all human thought, by joining to it the dynamic affirmations of modern scientific and social thought as well. In spite of its hoary antiquity, the Vedanta has remained young and dynamic in every epoch of history. But its most fascinating story is only just opening up, and in the context of modern world conditions created by science and technology, its appeal to the modern man in all parts of the globe is irresistible.

(courtesy : Prabuddha Bharata)

'After a long winter of some centuries, we are to-day in one of the creative periods of Hinduism. We are beginning to look upon our ancient faith with fresh eyes. We feel that our society is in a condition of unstable equilibrium. There is much wood that is dead and diseased that has to be cleared away. Leaders of Hindu thought and practice are convinced that the times require, not a surrender of the basic principles of Hinduism, but a restatement of them with special reference to the needs of a more complex and mobile social order. Such an attempt will only be the repitition of a process which has occured a number of times in the history of Hindusim. The work of readjustment is in process. Growth is slow when roots are deep. But those who light a little candle in the darkness will help to make the whole sky aflame'

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan In 'the Hindu View of life'

In Search of New Standards & Values

Shri Jawaharlal Nehru

The present Jet Age is likely to be replaced by the use of Atomic Power & Space travel becomes a possibility to be considered.

In the past changes took place, but the pace was slow, and man could adjust himself to new conditions.

But, in recent years, the pace of change has been amazingly fast, and it has been difficult for human beings to cope themselves with this ever changing situation.

They may make a superficial and external adjustment, but the old rhythm of life has gone, and there is lack of harmony which is reflected in our political struggles and economic conflicts.

The new situation that has arisen because of this pace of change, has no analogy in history.

But, in going far towards the conquest of the external world, he has come into conflict with himself. In adding to his knowledge of externals, he has lost grip of what he himself was. New problems and new questions arise, and we are reminded of the old injunction : "Know thyself."

This process of change through science and technology is not complete all over the world, but it spreads everywhere. And, as it spreads, the old gods or the old supreme values cease to have the same validity as before.

Physics and Mathematics lead to new conceptions which are hard to grasp, where mattter disappears and all is energy. Almost one might say that the solid world dissolves into some mathematical concept or illusion, something perhaps approaching the concept of **maya.**

How can we come to terms with this new situation?

While discarding the old mysteries, we live at the edge of a new kind of mystery. The reaction of the people to this varies.

A few are driven to deeper thought and enquiry and a search for ultimate values, but most others, finding it too difficult to make any sense out of this confusion, relapse into cynicism and negative attitudes, rejecting the old patterns and standards and evolving no new ones.

This process has affected the Western world much more than India as the West has advanced much more in technology and its practical applications. Whether this is the result of a highly mechanised and Industrial civilisation or merely of the rapidity of the change I do not know. In countries where such a state has been established, in sofar as the material things of life are concerned we see patterns of behaviour which shock the older generation. There is growing juvenile delinquency and a rejection of all set patterns and even of basic national cultures.

While on the one side we see tremendous advance, on the other we notice a disintegration of society, because the cement of moral and ethical standards and patterns of behaviour gradually melts away.

Whether we like it or not, this industrial and mechanised civilisation must necessarily come to India. That is the only way to get rid of the curse of poverty and to ensure higher standards of living. Even spiritual progress demands some measure of material well-being. In any event, we cannot stop or reverse the current of change which science and technology have brought about in great parts of the world.

The question for us to consider is whether we can retain in this process some of the basic values to which humanity has attached great importance in the past, and whether the spiritual element in life, using the word in its widest sense, can be retained or augmented, or will it fade away.

Without that spritual element, probably the disintegration of society will proceed in spite of all material advance.

The question is not whether we believe in God or gods, but whether we belive in any ultimate values.

The coception of God has differed in different stages of man's growth. But, whatever it has been, it has represented the then conception of the ultimate value or reality.

As man has grown, so has that conception changed and acquired new depths. But, whatever that conception might be, it represents the ultimate or absolute in that stage of society. A personal God gives place to an impersonal one,

and that gives place to something else which is deeper and which the normal mind cannot grasp.

The Buddha when asked refused to define it because it was beyond the limits of language and one's powers of comprehension. It could only be realised in other ways. Some people call it truth and love and beauty, which, to them, represent the ultimate values.

We have to get out of this three dimensional world in order to realise what lies beyond.

What ultimate values do we possess to-day? Without them we become superficial and trivial, and it is not through triviality that men and nations grow.

It may be that out of this tremendous period of transition, a new equilibrium will be established and our highly mechanised society will throw up new standards and values, a new base of civilisation, and a new conception of ultimate reality.

We talk of things material and spiritual, and yet it is a little difficult to draw a line between them. Every great wave of human thought which has affected millions of human beings has something spiritual in it.

The great revolutions, whether in the United States or France or Russia or China, would not have succeded without a spiritual element which appealed to the deeper instincts of human beings.

Social justice has always exercised an appeal to sensitive persons. The basic attraction of Marxism for millions of people was not, I think, its attempt at scientific theory but its passion for social justice. To that extent, therefore, it supplied a spiritual need.

It appealed to many intellectuals for other reasons also. Unfortunately, to my thinking, it got tied up in its practice too much with the ways of violence and the suppression of the individual, even though this was supposed to be done for the common good.

I believe that the individual must have freedom to grow and I believe also that wrong means employed must necessarily produce wrong results.

What in a particular context is wrong or right, may be difficult to say, because life is not very logical and is too much complicated. But deliberately discarding means for ends can neither be right nor ultimately good for the individual or the group.

We come back, therefore, to the question of standards and values and unless we have these, all the material good that we may achieve may lead to conflicts of the soul and disintegration of the social group.

In India, today, broadly speaking, our methods of production are old-fashioned and backward. This leads not only to economic backwardness but also is a drag on our social and intellectual life.

To say that it is necessary to adhere to the old methods in order to maintain our old standards and values means that we must remain poor and backward, and only then can we maintain these values.

It is true that as we adopt higher techniques for productive and creative activities, these will affect our thinking and our lives. But it does not necessarily follow that this must lead to our discarding the spiritual and higher cultural values of life.

We must not combine spirituality and culture with privilege on the one hand and poverty on the other.

We must separate the basic values from the temporary and changing social or economic set-up in which we live.

Religion and metaphysics have often been exploited for the protection of privilege and an existing order. So also old economic theories are used to rationalise dominant interests.

We have therefore to think anew and our national plan must consider the long-term interests of the nation and the people.

We have accepted in India as our objective a socialist pattern of society. That means not only an economic reorganisation but something deeper than that, which involves a way of thinking and living.

The acquisitive society, whose chief aim is profit-making, not only brings petty conflict in its train, resulting sometimes in major conflicts, but also is opposed to the basic urge of modern man for social justice.

If we are to work for socialism, we have to remember that there cannot be any real socialism in a backward and under-developed country.

Socialism and Communism were the children of the industrial civilisation which led to greater material resources. Socialism, therefore, is based on the growth of material resources as well as social justice and a co-operative method of working.

That holds true in the national sense.

Internationally, the world must necessarily

go in that direction unless major conflicts destroy it.

There may be many ways to that goal, and it may be that the final picture itself may change. We should not try to impose our views or our ideas on others, because each country has to find its own path to progress.

There is such a thing as a national culture with its deep roots in the nation's soil and in its history. To uproot a nation is to destroy the soul of that nation which made it a living entity through the ages.

This is particularly true of a country like India, whose roots go deep down and whose thought has enriched her and given her strength to overcome disaster and survive even the dangers that success brings.

(Condensed from his convocation address to Delhi University.

"Your duty is to educate yourselves, and to educate others; to strive to perfect yourselves, and to perfect others.

It is true that God lives within you, but God lives in all the men by whom this earth is peopled. God is in the life of all the generations that have been, are, and are to be. Past generations have progressively improved, and coming generations will continue to improve the conception which Humanity forms of Him, of His Law, and of our duties. You are bound to adore Him and to glorify Him wheresover He manifests His presence. The Universe in His Temple, and the sin of every unresisted or unexpiated profanation of the Temple weighs on the head of each and all of the Believers.

It is of no avail to assert your own purity, even were true purity possible in isolation. Whensoever you see corruption by your side, and do not strive against it, you betray your duty. It is of no avail that you worship Truth; if you see your brother men ruled by Error in some other portion of the earth—our common mother—and you do not both desire and endeavour, as far as lies in your power, to overcome that error, you betray your duty.

But it is of import that the coming generation, taught by your struggles and your sacrifice, may arise stronger and nobler than you have been, in fuller comprehension of the Law, in greater adoration of the truth. It is of import that human nature, fortified by these examples, may improve, develop, and realise still further the Design of God on earth. And wheresoever human nature shall improve or develop, wheresoever a new truth be discovered, wheresoever a step be taken on the path of education, progress, and morality—that step taken, and that truth discovered, will sooner or later benefit all humanity.

You are all soldiers in one army: an army which is advancing by different paths, and divided into different corps, to the conquest of one sole aim. ...."

Mazzini on 'Duties Towards Humanity'

"BHARAT-MATA" : What She Means to Me

Manmohan Dhar

Born in Kashmir, to my young mind the limits of my world were confined within the beautiful snow-capped peaks surrounding the vale of Kashir.

In the evenings, as my eye-lids would get heavy with sleep, my grandmother would sing to me the poem of Parmanand where he describes his heart as Gokul wherein the cowherd boy Krishna would play his Rasalila. Varidaban, Gokul, Ayodhya, Dasharatha, Rama, Lakshmana, Sita, and Krishna—all found their way into my little heart, creating a beautiful vision through the cradle tales my grandmother would tell me.

As I grew in years, my uncle taught me the songs of Mirabai, Galib, Surdas, Kabir and Zoak ; even a few songs of the Persian poets of Kashmir.

Although my eyes could still not see beyond the Pir panchal in the south and the 'Haramukh' in the north, bubbling imagination filled my yearning heart with beauteous visions of a land where Krishna played his wonderful Lila, where Rama gave us the soul-stirring exploits of the Ramayana, where Mira renounced all to conquer Krishna with her plaintive songs; where Kabir cut asunder the bonds of caste, creed and religion with the purity and power of his universal love.

Ochre-robed sannyasins from all parts of this beautiful land came to our house on their way to the shrines of Amarnath, Kshirbhavani, Mattan or Sharada Pith, and heard them chanting the melodious verses of the Gita and the Upanishads. And when my eyes learned to read, myriads of other names were added to the treasure-house of my heart, each in its turn opening before my eyes a new vision, a new facet of this strange land of my imagination.

Gandhiji later conjured up in my mind a mystic symbol, in its most concrete form, of all the sacredness and beauty that had been gathered through the unconscious accretion of impressions on my young and plastic mind. Tagore made me sit a whole night to read through the pages of the Gitanjali. In his poems I saw the same vision of this ancient land, the same mysticism of the Rishis, the same melody of the Jasmine and the Krishna-chuda, the same air and atmosphere which existed centuries ago and which now inspired him to create such beauty and poetry. Slowly and slowly, I saw the divine form of Bharat-Mata taking shape in my mind.

Meanwhile, she was as it were, gently gathering the scattered fragments of my being into a small babe and raising me up in her lap. Slowly, slowly I could see that she was making this child grow infusing in him, with all her mothers love, the strange mysteries that she had garnered through centuries of growth. I began to feel that I was her son, that I was an Indian and that every Indian was my own. And that this was the story of every man & woman born in this sacred land.

I could also see that the Sufis of Kashmir like Sheikh Nur-Utdin, saints like Laleshwari, Tukaram, Dhyaneshwar, Kabir, Nanak, Ramakrishna—all, all were the bright little children of this sweet, sweet Mother of ours, infused with the same spirit and breathing the same life.

Later, I could see why it was that lawyers, doctors, engineers,—men and women in all vocations of life, laid down their tools, and gathered to sacrifice their wealth, their families and their lives, to free our Mother from the fetters that bound and smothered her. And in the turmoil and struggle to free her from the shackles of slavery and shame, thousands and thousands of her brave sons and daughters perished on the altar of the Mother. Tilak and Gokhale, Gandhi and Nehru, Subhash and Bhagatsingh—ah! and numberless more—became the most potent spearheads of the emotions of her teeming children.

The dense clouds of suffering and struggle do not darken the blue sky of India any more. The sun of freedom shines resplendent in the clear firmament. But look ! From different corners there arise black, curling plumes of smoke, fatal fumes of hatred and violence. The ugly serpent of selfishness and pettiness in raising its hood to strike ! Provincialism, communalism, castism and a hundred other artificial barriers are being erected to divide and desecrate the Mother.

Barriers of corruption and exploitation, walls of dishonesty and hatred !

Would it be too much of an effort to tear down the "narrow, domestic walls" of communal jealousy, provincial superiority, and to open ourselves to the benign influence of the cultural wealth and heritage of thousands of years, to infuse our minds with the same lofty idealism that inspired our leaders and statesmen to sacrifice their all, for the sake of our dear, beloved Motherland, to unite her children and to transform them into members of one big family, to make the Mother smile with happiness and contentment at the sight of all her children prosperous and loving? Can we not, in the words of the great poet Tagore, join our hands and hearts and work for Bharat and pray to the Lord to awaken us into that heaven of freedom and bliss.

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

and

Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action...." ?

We have to answer and our beloved Mother is waiting for our answer.

'....forget not—that the lower classes, the ignorant, the poor, the illiterate, the cobbler, the sweeper, are thy flesh and blood thy brother. Thou brave one, bold, take courage, be proud that thou art an Indian—and proudly proclaim—.

"I am an Indian,—every Indian is my brother". Say—"The ignorant Indian, the Brahman Indian, the Pariah Indian, is my brother." Thou too clad with but a rag round they loins, proudly proclaim at the top of thy vioce,—"The Indian is my brother,—the Indian is my life, India's Gods and godesses are my God, Iniad's Society is the cradle of my infancy, the pleasure-garden of my youth, the sacred heaven, the varanasi of my old age.". Say brother,—"The soil of India is my highest heaven the good of India is my good".

Swami Vivekananda

Is Culture an Idle Pastime ?

Dr. Rajendra Prasad

I wonder if with the touch of long-awaited independence and with the achievement of political and constitutional freedom, it is too much to hope that the constructive genius of the Indian people which in the past found such varied expression within the country and in many an overseas land, would not blossom forth once again for the furtherance of our age-old ideals of forbearance, love and tolerance.

Never before in human history did these ideals come so near tangible reality and practical commonsense as today.

Never before in our own history have our cherished beliefs and ideals had to face a greater challenge than the one they are facing today.

Now that the whole thinking world is gradually veering round to this view, we cannot afford to turn our backs on it and discard the very faith and beliefs which have kept us alive.

There is a tendency in certain quarters to relegate culture and matters cultural to a secondary place and to treat it casually as an idle pastime, as if it were something one might think of when there was nothing else of importance to do.

And when we do think of pulling it out of the limbo of neglect, we tend to go to the other extreme and make light of culture by confusing it with brass bands and jazz music or with any type of side show and entertainment.

I do not suggest that culture is so austere that it would not go well with things that please or entertain, but certainly it is wrong to equate it with all that goes for pantomime and stage shows.

Culture is essentially an expression of the inner urges and cumulative beliefs of a community or nation gathered through centuries of experience. It is an aspect of the mode of living which links the living generation with the generations gone by. The web and woof which go to make its texture are not always visible on surface, but thinking men know the fingers that move the silken chords, the fingers which, transcending time, have ever been busy weaving that texture.

In a limited sense it is true that things of the moment may sometimes claim precedence over cultural matters, but it is not so necessarily because the latter are of secondary consequence but because these are ingrained too deep in human nature to suffer any setback from temporary lack of attention whereas the former live mainly on surface and would just cease to exist if the focus of attention is turned away from them.

This distinction between the two activities is to the advantage of human society because it rules out any conflict between things of the moment and those of cultural value.

With this distinction in view we can very well realise the importance of a nation's stream of cultural life. It is the perennial flow of this stream which determines a nation's strength, its character in the wider sense and its capacity to survive inclement weather.

We are lucky in so far as we are assured of this subterranean source of strength which has been responsible for keeping the nation alive and keeping the Indian society intact despite hard knocks at the hands of Time.

But, who can feel happy to see a poor harvest yielded from a rich soil? Similarly our claims of a rich culture go ill with misery and poverty on surface. If we want that the view we hold of our culture and its richness should be understood and appreciated by others, we have got to establish some kind of harmony between it and its outward expression in our actual living.

A healthy cultural tradition and maladjusted society cannot go together. It is here that the need for planned efforts sustained by a vigorous nation-wide drive to reconstruct becomes apparent.

Therefore, I have always felt that our collective efforts to reconstruct our society and bring about a new era of plenty and prosperity in India are well worthwhile.

They will bear full fruit only if we draw inspiration from our cultural heritage and seek to

mould our lives in keeping with its basic ideals and beliefs.

Without such inspiration and without the spark which the touch of inspiration imparts, our efforts will not be imbued with that purposiveness which is a pre-condition of the success of a nation-wide drive.

—From Address at the Karnataka University

It was the object of Lord Gifford's bequest to untie the hands of combatants, but at the same time to fix the conditions on which the combat should be conducted. What was wanted for that purpose, as he declared in his will, were 'reverent men, true thinkers, sincere lovers, and earnest enquirers after truth'. These words are not used at random. Each sentence seems to have been carefully chosen and attentively weighed by him. He felt that religion was not a subject like other subjects, but that, whether on account of its age or owing its momentous bearing on human welfare, it ought to be treated with due care and respect. **Reverence** alone, however, would not be sufficient, but should be joined with true thinking. **True thinking** means free thinking, thinking following its own laws, and unswayed by anything else. Think what thinking would be, if it were not free ! But even this would not suffice. There ought to be not only loyal submission to the laws of thought, there ought to be a **sincere love,** a deep-felt yearning for truth. And lastly that love should not manifest itself in impatient and fanatical outbursts, but in **earnest enquiry,** in patient study, in long-continued research. Men who have passed through these four stages are not likely to give offence to others or to be easily offended themselves.

Max Muller

Kashmir's Contribution to Persian Literature

Dr. Hiralal Chopra, M.A. D.Lit.
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After the death of Raja Simha Deva of Kashmir, Rainchan shah laid the foundations of the Muslim rule in the valley. Kashmir was invaded by Tartar Zulqadar Khan and Raja Simha Deva was obliged to take refuge in Kishtwar where ultimately he met with his death. Zulqadar Khan on his way back home after the invasion, perished in the snow-bound valley with his soldiers and Gaddis from Kishtwar took possession of Srinagar and Kashmir ; but Ram Chand a valiant commander-in-chief of Simha Deva drove them out of Kashmir. Rainchan Shah, a son of the king of Tibet and a follower of Ram Chand with the help of his men he had brought from the army of his father, proclaimed himself as king after killing Ram Chand and marrying his daughter Kuta Rani in A.D. 1320.

Rainchan Shah wanted to become a Hindu, but the Brahmins refused to accept him into their faith. Then one Bulbul Shah came from Arabia preaching Islam and Rainchan Shah embraced Islam under his influence and took the name of Sadr-ud-Din, and became inimical to the Hindus with a vengeance. He pulled down Hindu temples, destroyed Hindu Manuscripts and killed Hindus in thousands. He built the Jama Masjid of Srinagar and died after a rule of little less than three years. Udayana Deva, brother of Simha Deva, came to take his place after marrying Kuta Rani ; but he was also invaded by Urwan, a Turk, who was defeated by Udayana Deva and Udayana Deva ruled for 15 years. In A.D. 1332, Kuta Rani ascended the throne to rule only for 50 days when her commander Saha Mirza declared himself a king and proposed marriage to Kuta Rani, twice widowed before, but realizing her helplessness, she acquiesced and when King Shah Mirza entered the bridal chamber, she stabbed herself to death with a bejewelled golden dagger.

In this line serially Sultan Sikandar came to the throne in 1389 at the age of eight under the protection of his mother, Haura Begum, who, to safeguard the interests of her son, would even get her daughter and the son-in-law murdered when they were preparing to lead a rebellion against the young king.

Sikandar, who is often known as **'but-shikan'** —the idol-breaker, was a religious fanatic resolved to obliterate every sign of Hinduism from Kashmir. Grand temples like that of Martand were destroyed and Hindu books sunk in the Dal lake and he compelled the people for exile, death or conversion. He ruled for 23 years and Kashmiri Brahmins either chose exile from the valley or got themselves converted to Islam.

In 1420, he was succeeded by his son, Zain-ul-Abedin, a youth of 17, whose reign to this day is remembered as the happiest. He was cured of a deadly disease by one Shri Butt and as a reward, he permitted the persecuted Brahmins to live in peace in Kashmir and recall those who had left.

Till then Sanskrit was the official language, but Zain-ul-Abedin changed it to Persian. Libraries of Sanskrit and Persian books were established and important works of one were translated into the other language. The **Mahabharat, Brihat Katha,** the **Puranas** and many other Indian classics were translated into Persian wholly or partially and **Shahnama** of Firdausi was rendered into Hindi by Bodhi Butt. The history of Kashmir was written into Sanskrit verse by Kalhana in imitation of the **Shahnama** with the name of **Rajatarangini.** The first family of the Kashmiri Pandits which started studis in Persian was that of Sapru, to which belong the two luminous stars of the Indian intellectual firmament—Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Sir Muhammad Iqbal, who have contributed substantially to the study of Persian in India.

During Mughal times, many Persian poets of India and Iran visited Kashmir and wrote poems in praise of 'The Happy Valley'. Urfi, Kalim, Saib, Qudsi, Talib Amli and Nawab Zafar Khan came from Iran and wrote poems praising the natural beauties of Kashmir and Faizi, Mulla Tahir Ghani, Muhsin Fani, Mirza Darab Joya, Baba Khaki, Akmal Najmi, Auji and Faroughi were the indigenous Muslim Persian poets. From

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among the Hindus, Chandra Bhan Brahmin surpasses all. He was the chief scribe of Shah Jahan and a favourite of Dara Shikoh. Pt. Narain Kaul 'Aziz' translated the Supplement of **Rajatarangini** by Shridhar Butt into Persian. Zamir, Sarwar, Azar, Ashki, Asghari, Akbari, Tauqir, Khazin, Betab (whose **Jang Nama** favourably vies with Firdausi's **Shah Nama**), Dairi, Darya, Khurram, Khushdil, Shola, Shor, Sarshar, Ayyash, Farrukh, Hari, Warasta, Akhund, Mubtala and Neko are some of the important Persian poets from among the Pandits of Kashmir.

Even after migration from Kashmir, the Pandits did not forsake their love of Persian. Daya Shankar Naseem, Ratan Nath Sarshar, Tribhuwan Nath Hijr. Bishan Narain Dar Abr, Brij Narain Chakbast, Brij Mohan Dattatreya Kaifi, Shiv Narain Shameem, Motilal Nehru and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru are some of the outstanding writers and patrons of Persian and Urdu. There are instances where for five or six generations Kashmiri Pundits holding exalted positions have always been in the forefront in the service of Persian literature. The Haksar family originally of Delhi and later on of Indore and Gwalior (beginning with Pt. Bishan Narain and followed by his son, Rai Bahadur Pt. Dharam Narain and his grandson Pt. Har Narain and great-grandson Col. Sir Kailash Narain) has to its credit an unbroken record of contribution to Persian and Urdu literatures Mr. P. N. Haksar, son of Col. Sir Kalaish Narain has kept up the family tradition by evincing interest in these languages.

It is also a sad fact that the historians (mostly Muslim) of Urdu and Persian literatures have paid scant attention to the contribution of Kashmir to these languages. Sometimes they ignored it on account of bigoted communal obsessions and more often than not they did never bother to collect the writings of Kashmiri poets and literatures (especially those of the Kashmiri Pandits on communal grounds). No systematic effort has so far been made in this direction and today when real Kashmir is coming to its own, it is imperative that a special research section should be opend by the Kashmir University to collect the writings of Urdu and Persian poets of Kashmir irrespective of caste and religion. The world of science is becoming small and getting closer to each other country and despite political differences, a common cultural forum is the desideratum for putting **panch sheel** into practice.

Iran recognises the worth of Kashmir's contribution to Parsian, but we ourselves are not fully aware of this responsibility of ours. In the Azarbaijan mosque of Teheran even today, the following verse of Rai Gopi Nath Pandit is prominently written to pronounce the catholicity of the Iranian mind:

Ba-bin karamat-i-but khana-i-mara ay shaikh,
Ki chun kharab shawad khana-i-khuda gardad.

"Look at the miracle of my idol-temple
O Shaikh,
That when it gets ruined, it becomes the
House of God."

Kashmir has always been in the vanguard of Indian cultural progress and has played the role of a beacon-light to guide the entire subcontinent of India and today also we expect the same from her for the good of this country.

"Many are the names of God and infinite the forms that lead us to know Him. In whatsoever name or form you desire to call Him in that very form and name, you will see Him.

As one and the same material viz., water, is called by differant names by different peoples—one calling it 'water', another 'vari', a third 'aqua' and another 'pani', so the one Sat-Chit-Ananda, the everlasting-intelligent-bless is invoked by some as God, by some as Allah, by some as Hari and by others as Brahman."

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa

What gives Meaning and Value to Life

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

Those to whom life has been kind should not accept this good fortune as a matter of course. If one is allowed to lead a secure life while so many around who deserve better are confined to miserable surroundings and subjected to tragic blows, it is one's duty to think continually of those who were denied the privileges on had.

My position as a teacher brought me into close relations with young men and women in the plastic years of their life. The subject of philosophy, which is not primarily utilitarian in its aim, is a great instrument of liberal education. Its aim is one of elevating man above worldliness, of making him superior to circumstances, of liberating his spirit from the thraldom of material things.

Philosophy claims to implant in the minds of those who are of a nature to profit by its teachings and influence a taste for those things which the world cannot give and cannot take away. If properly pursued, it arms us against boredom and discouragement.

It may not prepare us for success if we mean by it accumulation of material wealth. But it helps us to love those aims and ideals, the things beyond all price, on which the generality of men who aim at success do not set their hearts. To form men is the object of philosophy.

In the hours I was privileged to spend with my pupils, it was my ambition to educate them to a belief in a spiritual and ethical universe. If the central truths of mysticism and charity, inwardness and love are brought home to our hearts and thoughts, the temptations to irreligion which assail us in later life will have little power to overcome us.

It is essential to awaken in one's pupils a feeling of need for a silent hour, a time of pure refreshment for heart and spirit, for self-communion, which will help them to collect their thought, reassemble their personalities and find themselves.

In that silence we hear the still voices of the soul with its plaintive cry of the prisoner for freedom, of the wanderer for home, the cry of the finite for the infinite.

Religion is what we do with ourselves when we are alone. In every one of us is a secret shrine where no one could intrude, to which we must retire as often as possible and discover what our true self is as distinct from the appearance we present to the world outside. Most of us are self-deceivers and constant examination alone can save us. Silent communion is an essential part of all worship.

The **Book of Revelation** has a striking phrase that, as the seer watched the angels worshipping before the throne of God, suddenly "there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour." The strains of music ceased; the voices of the heavenly choir were stilled. That silence was not a dead one but pulsing with life, when the angels ceased to speak but waited in silence to hear the voice of spirit. In that stillness we come close to reality, become aware of how best we could make our life an offering to the Divine.

Worship does not consist in fasts and prayers, but in the offering of a pure and contrite heart. The musk is in the deer but it thinks that the fragrance comes from outside and so hunts for it restlessly! God is in us and we have only to turn within to realize the truth.

There is a Sanskrit verse which says that the thougtless man dives into deep lakes, penetrates into jungles, ascends steep hill in search of flowers for the worship of God while the one lotus which he can offer is his own mind! Man must make himself a living sacrifice.

We cannot offer anything unclean or impure, maimed or mutilated to God. "The temple of God is holy which temple ye are." Out of the confusion around us we have to devise a destiny and make it manifest through all the twists and turns of accident. Otherwise life becomes a meaningless succession of irrelevant episodes unconnected with any specific purpose, springing from nothing and returning to nothing.

What gives value and meaning to life is a purpose steadily pursued through the obstacles that hinder its living growth. Interest, meaning, purpose, value, are qualities given to events by

the individual mind, while chance provides the occasions for the application of these values.

In these silent hours of self-communion we strive to free ourselves from the suffocating routine, from the masks and mummeries of existence, cleanse our thoughts, and create within ourselves a clean heart and a single mind. Yoga, which has for its aim the achievement of the close correspondence between the inner mind and the outer, life, uses as its means silence, meditation, self-recollection.

—Extracted from the Essay
"My Search for Truth."

Man, in the long ages since he descended from the trees, has passed arduously and perilously through a vast dusty desert, surrounded by the whitening bones of those who have perished by the way, maddened by hunger and thirst, by fear of wild beasts, by dread of enemies, not only living enemies, but spectres of dead rivals projected on to the dangerous world by the intensity of his own fears. At last he has emerged from the desert into a smiling land, but in the long night he has forgotten how to smile. We cannot believe in the brightness of the morning. We think it trival and deceptive; we cling to old myths that allow us to go on living with fear and hate—above all, hate of ourselves, miserable sinners. This is folly. Man now needs for his salvation only one thing: to open his heart to joy, and leave fear to gibber through the blimmering darkness of a forgotten past. He must lift up his eyes and say: 'No, I am not a miserable sinner; I am a being who, by a long and arduous road, have discovered how to make intelligence master natural obstacles, how to live in freedom and joy, at peace with myself and therefore with all mankind.' This will happen if men will choose Joy rather than sorrow If not, eternal death will bury man in deserved oblivion.

Bertrand Russell

'FULIAR CHUPI'

Sheila Chatterjee

(All the characters and Scenes are imaginary)

Nagen was a very young officer come new to the sub divisional town of Fuliar Chupi. He neither liked work nor understood much of what he had to do. He had been married three years ago, when still in college. His people were orthodox and went in great fear of love marriages after a remote cousin eloped with the wrong caste. Nagen was happy with his wife. His only regret was that his wife had given birth to a long headed baby a month ago and was to stay with her mother for another six months. His wife was an only child, much fussed over by her parents. So Nagen was alone.

He was alloted a small bungalow, with a compound. His clerk had found for him a servant called Bonomali, who would do all necessary work. Nagen found Bonomali did not know how to cook anything except rice and boiled vegetables, he slept most of the day, stole what ever was not kept under lock and key. Consequently Nagen was unhappy. When he wrote to his wife of the miserable state he was in, she sent him an archaically written cookery book, mostly about pilaus and kormas. Nagen gave the book to Bonomali. "I do not know how to read or write", Bonomali said with a look of great satisfaction.

When Nagen returned from office and felt very hungry he read this book, the very names made him feel slightly better. He came from a rich home of comfortable living and good food.

The bearded visitor who came unannounced to the bungalow varanda asked. "Did I disturb you ? What book are you reading ? You are very learned man I heard. What can be better than knowledge ?....I came to see you, so that you may not feel lonely. I am Paresh Babu, yes, I am owner of that timber business. That pink three storied house in the bazar is mine, the only one of its sort in Fuliar Chupi."

Nagen hastily tucked the cookery book under the cushion of his cane chair.

"I came to invite you to my home tomorrow night, it is Jhulan Purnima. You must honour me by eating at my humble home."

Nagen was most happy to eat the dinner Paresh Bobu served him, all on silver, just as for a new son-in-law. Nagen was so busy eating the elaborate curries he did not clearly hear all that Paresh Babu told him of his timber profits and loss.

"You must come again. You must come often", Paresh Babu said.

"Yes of course. How often ?" Nagen asked.

"Do not joke sir. Whenever you feel like it. We shall be honoured. Khendi, bring the pan for our honoured guest....this is my eldest daughter, very clever too, she made that embroidered peacock you see framed on the wall."

Khendi was a snub nosed plump brown girl of thirteen, loaded with gold. "I will spend a lot at her marriage", Paresh Babu said grinning, eyes half closed in delight. "There is no one as rich as me in Fuliar Chupi."

Nagen's clerk, Ram Kanai, was shrewd and middle aged. "You cannot go to Paresh Babu's house too often sir, he will take advantage of you in some way."

"I only go to eat. Bonomali does not know any cooking."

"People may talk. This is a small place."

"Talk about what ?" Nagen looked a stern as he could be. Ram Kanai became respectfully silent.

Letters from his wife were accompanied by photographs of the long headed baby dressed in impossible finery. Nagen did not feel proud of his share in bringing this baby into the world. He did not look at the photographs twice. Nagen himself was very handsome. He did not feel comforted even when his mother-in-law wrote that new born babies looked different. She gave clinical reasons for the long head as due to a difficult child birth.

Hindu religious festivals seemed endlessly observed at the home of Paresh Babu, with appropriate food, always served on silver.

Nagen was admiring a meat curry very much,

in hope of being served that curry again soon. "Khendi made it. My daughter is an excellent cook."

"Why did't you tell me before ? Can she read and write ?"

"I sent her to the mission school for two years, against her mother's wishes."

Nagen gave Khendi the cookery book asking her to make Jehangiri pilau. He was served a rich pilau next day. "You followed the book very well", Nagen said to Khendi. "Mother does not let me cook. She says if I burn myself no one will marry me." After this confession Nagen did not speak to Khendi any more. He lost all interest in her. Bonomali got for him the information that Paresh Babu had employed a cook from outside.

The timber merchant was worried when Nagen did not come for a week. He arrived early in the morning at Nagen's bungalow. "I got a big fish from my sister's house this morning. You must share it with us. Else food will not taste nice. By the way, what is your idea of modern womanhood ? What sort of girls do you like ?"

Nagen felt embarassed to discuss girls of any sort with Paresh Babu of Fuliar Chupi.

"You would like them educated ?"

Nagen scratched his head and nodded.

"I heard that girls are taught music also these days."

"Music is good."

Nagen's meals at Paresh Babu's home were not so enjoyable any more. Khendi's music teacher always came then. The girl had a scraping harsh voice. Then Nagen skilfully got Paresh Babu to send him food at his bungalow saying he was too busy to go out and eat.

At last Nagen's troubles were over. His mother-in-law agreed to send the daughter to him, provided she herself came and spent some months with her. Nagen hurried to tell his only friend Poresh Babu.

"My wife is coming and her mother too. She will bring a cook with her. My wife can run a home so well."

"Is this a joke ?" Paresh Babu asked sternly. "When were you secretly married ?"

"Not secretly. I was married three years ago."

"You never said you were married."

"I never said I wasn't. You did not ask me."

"Ah my ill fated daughter ! I am a simple timber man. I was fooled by your cleverness."

"What ever did I do to your daughter ?"

"You have ruined her reputation. Every one in Fuliar Chupi knows you will marry her. I was so proud. I said I would be your father-in-law. An officer's father-in-law. Now my enemies will make fun of me." Paresh Babu's round eyes became rounder with agitation.

"You never mentioned that you thought of marrying your daughter to me."

"It was taken for granted. Else why should I spend so much money to keep the best cook possible for you. Waste of money with no return................Do not try to fool me. Are you really married ? Impossible ! I can not believe it."

Here Nagen fished out from his pocket his wife's latest letter in a pink envelope, heavily perfumed with attar. "Read it. And look at this, see." Triumphantly he produced another photograph of the long headed baby, smothered in lace.

Paresh Babu became totally silent after this. Nagen felt a sudden grateful affection for the long headed baby. "I am the father", he said with unnecessary pride.

The Age of Specialisation

Bilas Razdan,

We are living in an age of specialisation. There is specialisation in every walk of life. In the old days we were content with General Practitioners, now we must have different specialists to consult, on diseases of skin, bone, ligament and every section of our body.

In the educational field, teachers and professors specialise in one or two subjects, meet pupils at specified hours for specified subjects and the atmosphere is formal and dis-interested.

Factories mass produce everything, working on the basis of specialisation. Whereas, formerly a worker took pride in his finished work, now he is just an automation working on the assembly line.

Whether in Arts or Science, there are specialists for each branch, section and sub-section.

Slowly and gradually specialisation has begun to dominate our lives, creeping into our very homes. I became aware of this only when I started house-keeping.

The Cook was only going to cook, I was told, washing plates, laying the table and serving, being the bearer's work. The menial kitchen work of masala grinding, cutting vegetables etc., was the Masalchi's department, the bearer informed me, when asked to give a hand in the kitchen.

Making the beds and dusting the rooms, was the bearer's work, maintained the Ayah. She would wash only the children's clothes, as she had done in all the other 'Burra Kothi'. Sahib's socks etc., were to be washed by the bearer. What about the Mem-Sahib's odds and ends? Apparently the Mem-Sahib was supposed to specialise in that!

Whenever there was a gap between the departments, which frequently happened, the Mem-Sahib had to step valiantly into the breach —else employ more help.

Sweeping the garden was the Mali's work, insisted the Sweeper. Sweeping. maintained the Mali, of any sort, came essentially under the Sweeper's section. Here a deadlock ensued which remained unsolved through several long autumn days, till the children recruited to meet the emergency, joyfully raked the garden clean of leaves, weeds, seedlings and flowers to stack the bonfires and precipitated another crisis.

Technical difficulties soon cropped up, as they do in any form of specialisation. The Ayah could do the children's beds but the dressing table was the bearer's domain etc. etc.—and so the days were filled with petty squabbles.

A crisis arose when the children fell ill. Asked to bring up the doctors bags, the bearer did so under protest, as this he insisted, was not his work, having not been specified in his terms of employment. In the interests of discipline, he was given marching orders.

The Cook could not possibly lower his status serving food or laying the table, thus running the risk of excommunication. His resignation was politely asked for. The Ayah could not possibly wash plates or dust the rooms. What would the other Ayahs say? She was given permanent leave to go and find out their views. The Sweeper fell sick and the Mali's grandmother died.

Nursing two sick children and running the house single-handed (the master of the house being out of town on work, which usually happens at such times) was impossible, so taking advantage of medical benefits, we made our way to the hospital. It took three hours to get admitted, going through various departments and sub-departments while the babies' temperatures soared.

There too, it turned out, the specialisation bug had invaded the hospital. One had personal Ayahs to fetch meals, other to bring the pots and pans etc. Try explaining that to two and three year olds in dire emergencies yelling "potty" simultaneously; while you try to locate the specific person.

The nurses recorded the patients' temperatures and the doctors made their rounds at specified times only. If, in between, temperatures soared and patients were delirious it could not be helped. Apparently one was supposed to be considerate enough to have complications at scheduled hours.

Arguments on technical points found us sad-

der, wiser and home again, having had the children released on risk warrants.

It was then that the brilliant solution struck me. Since we had advanced so far in specialisation, it was the encumbent duty of each individual to specialise in everything and be a self-sufficient unit unto himself. (Don't tell me I 've got my idea from the cave-man's days.)

Now I am a specialist too. I am Cook-Bearer-Ayah-Mali-Dhobi-Chauffeur-Nurse-House Decorator-Tailor-Secretary etc. etc., all rolled into one. The house runs beautifully. There is less strain on the family budget, none at all on the nerves ! There is something after all to be said for specialisation.

"Turiya and Turiya-Teeta in Kashmir Shavism"

Mahatma Lakhshman Joo,

Man is the only animal having a clear power of understanding. The nature has developed man in such a way that he is able to understand his own nature which is the Ultimate Nature Itself. As soon as one comes to ones senses, he starts a trial at understanding everything coming his way, and his relation with that object. This is the start of his effort to understand his **ownself.** But his senses are limited due to his feelings of egoism, and its enveloping world. Due to these limitations he is conscious of only three states of his animal being i.e., Jagrat (Wakefulness), Supna (Dreemfulness) and Swashafti (Sleepfulness). This means that he being encircled by the materialistic world rolls in these three states only, forgeting his subjectivity; and living in the objective matter, he searches for eternal happiness in matter alone.

Alas ! he finds no real happiness in this matter. individually or collectively. As soon as one desire is fulfilled he yearns for something new, and in this way is no-where, after putting in all his efforts, because the efforts are directed only towards the outer materialistic world, and not towards his inner-self.

Now the question would arise how to obtain everlasting happiness and how to get rid of this never ending desire for the world of objectivity. To get out of this objectivity one must understand its nature. This objectivity is in reality of three types Viz: 1). External individual objectivity"; this is "Jagrat"—the state of worldly Wakefulness 2). "Internal individual objectivity"; this is "Supna"—the state of wordly dreemfulness; 3). "Individual objectivity without consciousness thereof"—This is "Swashafti"—the worldly sleepfulness.

The world of materialistic desires, which is the root cause of sorrow, can be finished only when one understands the fourth and fifth states of understanding which can be understood by searching them in only one's subjectivity, and the relation of this subjectivity with objectivity.

The fourth state called "Turiya" is a state which can be realised within the above mentioned three states. Turiya state may be named "Internal individual conscious subjectivity" in English. Somewhere at the juction of any of the two ordinary states this fourth state **does** exist. This means that while passing from the "Jagrat" state to" Supna" or Swashafti" or vice-versa one does unconsciously pass through this state. As long as man does not develop the power to be alert and conscious of this state of peacefulness he does not understand it. This power can be developed by concentrating ones mind on subjectivity which can be practised (1) at the junctions of intake and offtake of respiration, (2) at the juction of the change of cognition from one object to another and (3) Concentration on Objectlessness.

To write in detail on these three ways of Understanding volumes and volumes would be required. In short by establishing oneself in any one of these three ways, man can easily remain conscious while passing through the three stages of "Jagrat", "Supna" and Sowshafti". Beyond these three ways it is not possible at all to be conscious of this state of Turiya.

In technical pharasology these three ways are called (1). Anow Upaya (2) Shakht-Upaya and (3) Shambow Upaya The readers of this Magazine will be able to understand my previous article very clearly after reading this one.

As for Turiya Teeta the fifth state it is nothing but Turiya the fourth state, very firmly established, in such a way, that the person who has attained this state, is, eternal peace, bliss and happiness incarnate, and **one with the world.** In English this state may be named as "Internal Universal Conscious Subjectivity".

In short such a person realises, man, matter and their relation in their true perspective and lives as one with the Universal nature. Om.'

"ACROSS THE PIR PANJAL"

Rukmini Kumar

(A Record of early European Travellers in Kashmir)

During the Mughal reign, Kashmir became a part of the Mughal Empire under Emperor Akbar who left day to day administration of the country to a Governor appointed by him. Akbar, Jehangir and Shah Jehan visited this far flung outpost of their Empire to get away from the scorching sun of Delhi. They were enchanted by the beauty of its lakes and mountains. The fragrant flowers and the luscious fruit compensated for the arduous journey. Aurang Zeb, however, seems to have visited it only once in 1665 at the persuasion of his wife and physcians. Following the footsteps of the great Mughals came the European travellers. They have left us their impressions both pleasant and unpleasant.

The first Europeans recorded to have visited Kashmir were the Jesuit Fathers. Father Jerome Xavier, a grand nephew of St. Francis Xavier accompanied Akbar in 1597. Their route lay over the Pir Panjal. It was an exhausting journey full of danger. "From eight to ten days we went from mountain to mountain, from snow to snow, and under great cold, though it was the end of May" writes Father Xavier. He noted the quick intelligence of the Hindu Brahmins and also the fact that most of the population was Mohammadans. He was impressed by the piety of the converts. During his visit a severe famine was taking its toll. People were forced to eat seed grain and they abandoned new born infants on the roads.

In 1627, an Italian Father, De Castro accompanied Jehangir to Kashmir. In Srinagar his congregation consisted of two Venetians, two Armenians and six or seven Indian converts. The Europeans were artillery experts attached to the Mughal Army.

Other Jesuits from the Mughal Court visited Kashmir from time to time. A few of them braved the high passes and uninhabited regions and crossed over to Leh. In 1631, Father Azevedo reached Leh. He writes "It is built on the slope of a small mountain and numbers about 800 families. By the town itself passes a mountain stream which works a large number of water-mils, a few trees are also found here." Strangely enough the Jesuits did not think of setting up missions in Kashmir. They found Tibet a better field for conversion.

Of all the European travellers perhaps the most interesting was Francios Bernier. He has left a record of his visit to Kashmir in a series of nine letters. A French doctor, his journeys in the East, brought him to Surat where Dara Shikoh seems to have consulted him. On his way to Agra he fell among robbers and was rescued by a Mughal nobleman Danishmand Khan. For eight years he remained with Danishmand Khan as his personal physician. It was with him in 1665 that he accompanied Aurang Zeb on his journey to Kashmir. The expedition took eighteen months. Aurang Zeb set out with fifty thousand troops. Enroute they stopped in Lahore. The pomp and pageantry of the Mughal Court brightens Bernier's description of the journey. The royal tents in red, the flaming lanes of torches at night in the camp, the busy bazars and the gorgeous spectacle of the Queen and the Ladies of the harem on their slow moving, bejewelled Elephants bring back the splendours of the past.

A slow ascent of the Pir Panjal was marred by a disaster in which fifteen elephants fell down the hill side. On the pass itself they were met by an ancient faqir who warned them against avalanches. Having arrived in Kashmir, Bernier travelled a great deal in the valley. He went to Achhbal and Verinag. He pays a glowing tribute to this paradise on earth. He admired the beauty of the women.

Early in the Eighteenth Century two other Jesuit Fathers arrived in Kashmir on their way to Tibet. They were Desideri and Treyre. Desideri gives a picturesque account of Srinagar, which he called "Kascimir". It was a bristling city with imposing buildings and well laid out streets. He visited the Mughal gardens and drifted down the river in a small boat noticing the profusion of flowers—Tulips, narcissi and hyacinths which made him nostalgic for Europe.

From the middle of the Eighteenth Century, Kashmir seems to have become more popular. We find a number of Englishmen, who have left us descriptions of this beautiful valley. Her lofty mountains and placid waters lured many a wanderer from the sacred plains of Hindustan and in the Capitals of Europe her shawls became famous.

It costs me nothing to feel that I am; it is no burden to me. And yet if the mental, physical, chemical, and other innumerable facts concerning all branches of knowledge which have united in myself could be broken up, they would prove endless. It is some untold mystery of unity in me, that has the simplicity of the infinite and reduces the immense mass of multitude to a single point....

This One in me not only seeks unity in knowledge for its understanding and creates images of unity for its delight; it also seeks union in love for its fulfilment. It seeks itself in others. This is a fact, which would be absurd had there been no great medium of truth to give it reality. In love we find a joy which is ultimate because it is the ultimate truth. Therefore said in the Upnisads that 'the One, is Infinite'; 'the One is Love'.

To give perfect expression to the One, the Infinite, through the harmony of the many; to the One, the Love, through the sacrifice of self, is the object alike of our individual life and our society.

Rabindranath Tagore

History teaches us two lessons. The Jews represent their God as jealous of all false or imperfect gods. This is the first lesson : Man ought to be jealous of all untruth in whatever from it meets him. The Hindus, on the other hand, represent their Supreme Being as saying, 'Even those who worship idols, worship me'. This is the second lesson, that we ought to be tolerant, and try to discover some grains of truth in all untruth, some honest endeavour in all failures; nay, what has been called a hidden and divine education of man in the whole history of the world.

If we confine our study of history, and especially of the history of religion, to one sacred book only, say the Old Testament, we can never learn from that single book, that a belief in God is universal, and that it becomes more and more pure and perfect, not by casual revelation, but by slow and irresistible evolution. Here is a lesson which nothing but a comprehensive study of the sacred books of the world, an exploration of all the religions of mankind, can possibly teach us.

Max Muller

Kashmir's Ancient Link with South

Agnihotram Ramanuja Thattachariar,

The All-India Oriental Conference which held its session in Kashmir from October 14 to 16 is, in many respects, a very important session. Amidst talk of integration of India, scholars from different parts of this holy land and eminent scholars who have specialised in their studies in various branches of learning assembled in the State. Further, Kashmir had contributed enormously to the evolution of Indian culture in many respects. Thus, this can be described as the cradle of Saiva and Vaishnava Agamas besides Kavyas, Natakas, Ilankaras, etc.

Kashmir has built a tradition of its own for over a thousad years by adding to the intellectual vigour of India. The Assembly of eminent scholars from the remotest corners of this vast land in Kashmir opened the flood gates of love and affection among them which could appropriately be compared to the love of children of a same mother. In this context Kashmir holds the position of an aged mother reunited with her children after separation for a long time and who had the opportunity of enjoying life with her children. Wherever an Indian may be, when he brings back to his mind the greatness of Kashmir it is simply thrilling and elevating and it is needless to mention what one enjoyed when he is standing there itself.

Words are not adequate to describe the natural beauty of this ancient land, surrounded by the Himalayan snow-capped hills, flooded by perennial rivers, with tall trees and evergreen meadows.

The two Vedic river Chandra Bhaga (Chenab) and Vithastha (Jhelum) add to the fertility and sanctity of this land. The eminent historian Stein, identifies one of the strems of this land as the Vedic 'Marudvridha' while authors of Vedic Index recognise Kashmir as the 'Uttarakuru' of Aittareya Brahmana, which is described as the 'Deva Kshetra' and unconquerable divine land. It is also called the 'Saraswata Kshetra' and Saraswatha Bhoomi' as it is the abode of Goddess Saraswathi.

Even to-day we are able to get some of the rare valuable Sanskrit manuscripts from this land. Paiplada Samhita of Atharva Veda was discovered in this region by Bhuler. Many Buddhist books are also found in the present Gilgit pass, of Kashmir.

In spite of its geographical division by vast mountains, deep rivers, even in ancient days scholars from Kashmir had migrated to the southern extremes of India. This was not one sided, since scholars from the South had also migrated to Kashmir. We come to know from Raja Tharangini that all ancient books were destroyed during the Muslim invasion of this land and that some of the Kashmiris fled to the South with books.

Fortunately, the history of Kashmir had recorded the historical Kavyas of Raja Tharangini which is a production of Kalhana Jona Raja, Sreevara, Pragna Bhatta and others. One Pandit called Yudha Bhatta was sent by a King of Kashmir to the Karnataka regions to reorientate the Atharva Veda which had completely gone along with the Pandits to Karnataka in return for Yajurveda. Seria Bhatta founded a school for the promotion of Atharva Veda during the period of Jaya Peeda (8th century A.D.) a Dravida Mantrika (Magician of Dravida Desa) had gone to Kashmir to demonstrate his skill King Harsha (11th century A.D.) adopted Karnataka types of coins and Dakshinatya Bhangies and Dakshinatya fashions were also invoked Jaya Simla (13th Century A. D. had also built a mutt called Simha Pura to accommodate the Dravida Brahmin invitees.

Even to-day certain customs of Kashmiri villagers are exactly similar to those prevalent in South Indian villages, such as taking Pancha Gavya and cleansing the floors with cow-dung. Eminent poets of Kashmir, Bilhana and Saranga Deva, were received with respect by the King of Devagiri of the South. It could easily be established with the help of ancient relevant literature (Brahmanotpatti Marthanda) which illustrates that all the Gauda Brahmanas migrated to other parts of the country only from Kashmir. The inference from this could only be that the present Saraswat Brahmanas on the West Coast had also migrated from Kashmir.

Dr. V. Raghavan is of the opinion that Kottai

Pillaimars of Srivaikuntam Taluk in Tirunelveli Distrct also trace their origin to Kashmir. The foregoing facts would establish beyond any shadaw of doubt that there were perennial contacts between the extreme South and Kashmir besides literature lost in Kashmir finding their places in South.

In the past, Kashmir encouraged Sanskrit learing to such an extent that at one time it was the official language of that land. It is stated that very huge buildings were used for the purpose of propagating Sanskrit language. (Vidya Veshmani Thungani).

Bilhana says that during his period the people of Kashmir were so well-versed in Sanskrit that even the womenfolk could speak it. Poet Srihorsha (9th century) says that the 14 Vidyastanas are all studied by the people of Kashmir Stein points out that he saw Sanskrit inscriptions even over Muslim tombs.

ADI SANKARA'S VISIT.

One special aspect in this context is that the pioneer of Adwaita Philosophy, Adi Sankara, when he visited this land had not only propagated Adwaita but had established a Mutt also. It is in this place that Adi Sankara waged his intellectual war with Devi and also produced the famous 'Soundarya Lahari' which is in every home in the South.

Alawander of Sri Vaishnava sampradaya refers to the 'Kashmir Agama' which is otherwise discribed as 'Pancharathra Agama' Ramanuja in his life time visited Kashmir and studied 'Bhodayana Vritti' of Brahma Sutra which is the rock on which the 'Vishistadwaita' philosophy is built. Besides this, when he completed 'Sri Bhashya' Ramanuja sent his Pandits to Kashmir for the approval of Kashmir Pandits also. Utpala Vaishnava of Kashmir profusely quotes Pancharathra Agama in his books.

The Saivism which is propagated in South India as Siddhanta Saivam, Vedanta Saivam and Veera Saivam all owe their origin to Kashmir. The author of 'Mahartha Manjari and Parimala' who is named Maheswarananda of Kashmir lived in Chidambaram.

The 'Spanda Karika' is a literature written by Vasu Gupta of Kashmir (A.D. 9th century) upon which the later Saivism is based. This book of Vasu Gupta has been commented upon by Kallata of Kashmir in the publication styled "Spanda Sarvaswa". Another school of Saivism which is called "Pratabigna Dharsana" also took birth in Kashmir. The famous author Abhinava Gupta wrote a number of books about this school of Saivism. It is awell-known fact that this school is influenced by Adwaita philosophy. A commentary called 'Pratabigna Vicarsani' was written in the 11th century. Abhinava Gupta wrote books entitled "Iswara Pratyabigna" and "Thantra Loka" which elaborately deal with the Saiva doctrine. Buddhism had also benefited considerably by the Kashmir mind. Out of three Pitakas, according to some scholars, one Pitaka called Abhi Darama Pitaka was written in Kashmir. The well-known 'Sarwa Astitwa Wata' originated from Kashmir. After the days of Asoka a number of Viharas and stupas have been erected for the propagation of Buddhism of the earliest centuries of an era. Bouddhas of Kashmir are called 'Abhidhaimikas'. One 'Yaso Mitra' wrote a commentary on Vasubandha's 'Abhi Dharma Kosa'. King Kanishka convened the 4th Buddhist Convention in Kashmir. The 'Vibhasha Sastram' is also written by Buddhist Pandits at Kashmir. King Kanishka convened the conference at a place called Kundala Vana Vihara when more than 50 Pandits took part in the deliberations. Some of them were Katyayani Putra, Vasu Bandu, Aswa Ghosa, etc.

According to Raja Tharangini, while Asoka the Great erected stupas in other places, in Kashmir he chose to construct a Siva temple. As Kashmir happens to be the natural boundary dividing the other countries beyond India, some are of the opinion that Buddhism had spread over China, etc., from Kashmir.

The Rule of the Golden Mean

Udai Kaul

Like small children, a Kashmiri gladly "accepts the Universe" with alacrity, and in Nitzche's phrase says "yes" to many sides of existence. He is, therefore, a happier man on the whole. There indeed must be something very extraordinary about him that made him respected and valued equally in the courts of all, be they Pathans, Moghuls, Sikhs, or Dogras. Kashmir has always been a great lure to the mighty or those who thought they had power to subjugate and conquer. He may have developed this remarkable quality of accepting things readily, and changing with times in his struggle for survival under various Rajas. Whatever the cause, a Kashmiri seems to be more of a worshipper of the philosophy of expediency preached by Edmund Burke than of the philosophy of uncompromising idealism of Cromwell and Hampden. Not that he has had no conflicts. To put it positively, his share of conflict within him have perhaps been as intense and as deep as the conflicts and wars that swayed his country from time to time.

In the salubrious climate of Kashmir, where the air is invigorating and refreshing, where food, fruit and vegetable grow in plenty, we have had a very favourable climate for development of thought. Matters pertaining to problems of Existence, Body and Soul, Man and God, Good and Evil, received fairly large share of attention from a Kashmiri and these fundamental issues could not but have taxed him considerably.

It was this intense conflict within him, and his inability to find a solution from the extant philosophies that may have made Kashmir invent the indigenous Shaiva Philosophy. We are all parts of the Great Being, but Kashmiri is individualistic to the core, and the individuality had to be retained, no matter if we are part of the Being. We had to become all natures and yet retain the law of one's own being. An infinite had, to fit in the finite. Could anything be more baffling.

It was almost like fitting a square peg in a round whole. But where the prevailing philosophies and Thoughts were incomplete or unsatisfactory, a Kashmiri would not rest content, and being resourceful, had to invent and find his own Trika School and the Shaiva Philosophy which interprets Monism, the theory that we are all parts of One Being. If the soul immerses itself in a nature not its own, it is not self-abnegation, but self-fulfilment.

When there is "Atma Samarpan" to the extent when, as Lad Ded sang.

"Pot zuni vathith mot bolanovum
dag lalanavam dayisanzi prahe
Lali Lali karan Lala vuzanovum
milith tas man shrocyom dehe"

At the early dawn I got up and sang
to the mad one,
And soothed his pain with the
love of God.
Trying to realize "I am Lalla, I am Lalla,"
I awakened my Love,
And became one with Him; and the ten
Indriyas were purified.

When there is a so complete an identification with the Great Being, a Kashmiri could not but be an out and out optimist. Even evil is at bottom a form of good, and all finite existence a passing mode of Absolute Being. God Himself would have been less divine had He remained alone in His lovely infinity, and not united with all creation.

Here we see same philosophy of sxpediency and the rule of the golden mean being followed, and no wonder that allaying his doubts wherever and whenever they came, a Kashmiri found himself at peace.

Just as Kashmiri founded the indigenous Saiva philosophy to suit his genious, he owned a definite and a clear cut approach, the golden mean approach so to say, towards the down-to-earth problems of domestic life, and love.

A Kashmiri's approach to love is almost reverential and is neither sweeping and passionate nor ascetic. The thing to be sought after is the warmth and comfort of hearth and home and life can be on less charming and romantic with one's own spouse. Sang Nund Ryosh.

"Vethavavas tan nani su ti doha Nasaro
ton vagara ta syan pani su ti doha Nasaro
nishi rani ta vurani khani su ti doha Nasaro
varabata ta gadagani su ti doha Nasaro"*
The body exposed to the cold river winds blowing,
Thin porridge and holf-boiled vegetable to eat——
There was a day, O Nasaro
Nasaro was his pet disciple
My spouse by my side and a warm blanket to cover us,
A sumptuos meal and fish to eat—
There was a day, O Nasaro!
*(Nasaro was his pet disciple)

Drama and Stage in Kashmir

S. S. Raina,

Kashmir has changed a great deal in the last 15 years. Along with the more apparent developments like broadening of the main roads, building up of new bridges, rows of modern shop centres and more and better hotels and restaurants, a more subtle and lasting development has occurred in the field of art and literature. No longer are Kashmiris content with the contributions to the fine arts in the dead past. There is a will to achieve something here and now and indeed a good deal has been achieved in the past few years.

It was this aspect of Kashmir's life that I had the good fortune to discuss some time back with some friends from Kashmir's literary world, and I was pleasantly surprised to see what a change has taken place in the last decade and a half. Many literary and cultural clubs and circles have come into being where veterans as well as promising youngsters exchange ideas, and discuss papers on various subjects like poetry, painting, dramas, architecture etc.' and the following observations on Kashmir's position in drama and theatre are based on my discussions with, and an original unpublished mamuscript in Urdu, of one who has done quite a bit in developing Kashmir's theatre in recent years.

Kashmir has contributed a great deal in Sanskrit literature and much of it is in terms of drama written originally for the stage. But most of this literature has not survived the passage of time and the frailities of human nature, and there is very little by way of historical record to fall back upon. Kalhana's Rajatarangini' does make mention of star artists like Chandraprabha, who was extremely popular during her time, but her mention as well as of some other artists is accidental and only so far as they had their impact on the political events of the times.

We get some inkling of our past in this field from the folk dances and dramas popularly called the 'Bhanda Jeshin and the 'Bachha Nagma'. As in other parts of India, Kashmir has had professional dance and drama parties who passed on their art from generation to generation, and something of this art survives to this day. These parties were mainly concerned with themes propitiating gods and godesses. But as time passed, social themes also attracted their attention. In the 19th century, 'Vathroe' and 'Soyabhug' were two well known village centres from where 'Bhanda Jeshin' parties would move from place to place and display their talent. From the artistic point of view, these folk dances and dramas had attained some sort of perfection. Walter R. Lawrence in his well known book 'Valley of Kashmir' has referred to the 'Bhands' of Vahthore who in their dances and dramas depicted the minute details of the mode of living and day-to-day problems of the village life of those years. In fact, it is said that Maharaja Gulab Singh, at the time of his occupying Kashmir, depended mostly on these folk dramas for getting the correct information about the life in village areas.

This art almost became extinct in 'Soyabhug' after the famine of 1877. In Vahthore the art, of course, survives, but it has lost much of the beauty in techniques and depiction, and many extraneous influences have made it rather base and lacking in artistic tenor.

'Akin Gam' is another of the villages where 'Bhanda Jeshin' had reached some perfection. A peculiarity in this village was that the 'Bhands' were mostly from the Kashmiri Pandit community, and with elaborate costumes and make-ups they would visit religious festivals, and through their art would try to invoke the blessings of gods. But, socially, these people were very much looked down upon, and with the passage of time their art deteriorated both in theme and acting.

Whatever remains of the folk dances and dramas shows imprints of the Moghul and Pathan conquests, when the artists tried to please the the authorities of the day.

In the modern times, it was in the beginning of the present century that efforts were made to develop a stage in Kashmir. In India, there was an upsurge of activity for developing a theatre which would reflect the conditions of the day. A Parasi theatre and the dramas of 'Agha Hashar Betaab' and 'Master Rahmet' gave a new life to the stage and some of the artists from Kashmir also got encouragement from

these developments. During this time many dramatic troups came from outside Kashmir and dramas mostly in Urdu were played before Kashmiri audiences. This made an immediate impression and it was felt that it should not be long before the Kashmiri people will be able to patronise dramas written in Kashmiri language itself. The first landmark in this field was the Kashmiri drama 'Satech Kahwat', of truth, written by Pandit Nandalal Kaul in 1927. Though this drama was in theme written under the influence of the Urdu dramas of the day, it owed much to Sanskrit drama in so far as techniques is concerned. The 'Satech Kahwat' refers to the story of sacrifice for truth of Raja Harischandra which was a popular subject known to even the illiterate masses of the State Some of the songs of the drama like 'Rangas Gaye Be-rangi' and another 'Vah Vah Posha Var Sane' become so popular that they are being sung on various occasions even to this day. Pundit Nandalal Kaul wrote a number of other dramas, but none of them reached that stage of popularity which 'Satech Kahwat' attained. Although most of these dramas related to religous anecdotes of the Hindus in charater and locale, they were essentially based on Kashmiri life.

Thereafter there was a set back as the cinema made its entry and the stage had to go into the background. Off and on, the students of the local colleges would stage a performance or so. Besides, some amateur dramatic clubs like the National Dramatic Club and the Sudhar Samiti Dramatic Club also tried to prepare some groundwork in what was then a very unfavourable atmosphere. These clubs tried to pinpoint the social malpractices in the Kashmiri Pundit community and had a message of social reform. They did attain some popularity, but so far as technique was concerned, there was not much that could sustain.

In 1944, when the national movement in the State had made a great impact on the popular mind and the demand for a responsible Government was voiced from various quarters, the artists and literateures of the State also could not resist the impact of changing times. In India, the Indian People's Theatre was gaining great popularity as one of the progressive moments awakening the people towards a better and free future. Mr. Balraj Sahni was those days the main moving spirit of the I.P.T. Movement and he visited Kashmir when efforts were made to start a theatre movement in the State. But the political climate was very unfavourable and not much could be done. It was during these days that the late 'Premnath Pardesi', one of modern Kashmir's greatest men of letters, wrote a drama 'Bhata Har', or the 'Fight for Bread'. But this drama could not be staged as the Kashmiri Government of the day thought that it was an incitement for rebellion and revolt.

It was in 1947, however, that with the Independence of the country, the men of letters could breathe in a freer atmosphere and think of developing their art without fear of old political oppression. Along with literature and other arts, drama and stage also attracted attention and, in fact, much of the awakening in the rural areas in those days was due to the mobile dramatic parties in the tradition of the old 'Bhanda Jeshin' which staged folk dances and dramas at various places, and brought out the burning problems of the day in clear focus. It was at this time that the National Cultural Front was formed in which artists, men of letters and other social workers contributed their might in developing Kashmir's art and literature, not away from the people, but as a part of the people's movement for better future. It was at this time when the tribal leaders were invading parts of Kashmir, that the well known drama 'Kashmir Yeh Hai' or 'Kashmir is This' was staged. This drama was again written by 'Pardesi' and was staged at various places. It was for the first time that a mixed caste appeared in a drama in Kashmir. This drama became so popular that hardly any person in the city of Srinagar could do without seeing it.

Another landmark was the drama 'Shahid Sherwani', also written by Pardesi. Sherwani's martyrdom, though in most tragic circumstances, was a cause of pride for the Kashmiris, as he stood the tribal brutalities and cruelties without demur, putting aloft the banner of Kashmir's freedom.

The Cultural Front also modernised the 'Bachha Nagma' and developed open air dramas which could be shown in distant village areas without too much elaboration of costumes and make-ups. These open air dramas depicted the life of the kisans and gave expression to their ambitions. They influenced the village life to such an extent that small dramatic clubs were started in various areas and a number of young writers like Ali Mohmed Lone, Amim Kamil, Puskar Ban, Noor Mohammad Roshan and Som

Nath Zutshi tried their hand in writing dramas, featuring the daily life and struggle of the villagers.

Two of the well known dramas staged during this period were '3/4' and 'Dollar Saheb', the former expressing the tiller's claim for 3/4 of the share of the produce and the latter referring to the machinations of the imperialists in trying to bring Kashmir in the vortex of power politics.

The Cultural Front gave place to the Cultural Congress which, in its turn, was replaced by the All State Cultural Conference, and cultural activity moved on. But there was a lull during the years 1950-53 after which a big boost was given to the Bee and the Narcissus theatre movement by the opera 'Bombur ta Yemberzal' written by Dina Nath 'Nadim'. This was the first opera in Kashmiri language and both in theme and techniques it created a history in the development of drama in Kashmir. During this time the Russian leaders Mr. Krushchov and Marshal Bulganin visited Kashmir and they sang high praises of the effort made by the writer as well as the artists. Some of the songs included in the opera have become a part of Kashmiris' life.

Another opera which soon followed the earlier one related to Kashmir's classsic story of 'Nagirai and Hemal' which was jointly produced by Nadim and Noor Mohmed Roshan. Though this opera had its good points it could not reach that height of success attained by 'Bombur ta Yemberzal'. Other dramas whether of the conventional type or in more simplified form were also staged during this time and at a time thousands of people in the village areas flocked to see these dramas. In 1956 Kashmir Government started the Kashmir Festival which is now an annual feature when cultural and literary activities along with sports and other engagements get their due share. The Festival has given further opportunities to propagate this art.

By now, drama has come to stay as an essential part of the literary and artistic life of the Kashmiri, and there is no doubt that with the enthusiasm of young artists like Pran Kishore and Aama, and writers like Nadim, Zutshi, Kamel, Bhan and Roshen etc., further progress will be made till we can reach the stage when we can well say that Kashmir has developed a theatre of its own. The Kashmir Cultural Academy started by the State Government, and Radio Kashmir are doing their bit in making the Kashmiri more and more theatre-minded. One of the chief difficulties until recently was the absence of a modern theatre, but with the construction of the Tagore Memorial Hall and Theatre that handicap is no longer there, and there is every possibility that this aspect of the fine arts will develop further in the days to come.

This One in me knows the universe of the many. But, in whatever it knows, it knows the One in different aspects. It knows this room only because this room is One to it, in spite of the seeming contradiction of the endless facts contained in the single fact of the room. Its knowledge of a tree is the knowledge of a unity, which appears in the aspect of a tree.

This One in me is creative. Its creations are a pastime, through which it gives expression to an ideal of unity in its endless show of variety. Such are its pictures, poems, music, in which it finds joy only because they reveal the perfect forms of an inherent unity.

Rabindranath Tagore

From Delhi to Sikkim

Satish Dhar

(The author is a student of Architecture in Delhi. He recently went with his friends on a hitch hiking trip to Sikkim. Here are extracts from his impressions of the trip.—Editor).

TRAIN JOURNEY.

Scene : huddled up, squatting forms squeased in the gangway, in the lavatory lobby, near the doors. Steam-heat from bodies rising steadily like smoke from a ritual fire or vapour from a tropical swamp.

Some people stand up, unable to bear this crushing physical propinquity any longer, others stand up to disentangle the knots of pain formed in the joints from sitting too long in a cramped position. But this is a signal of defeat because for the rest of the journey they will not be able to sit down. Their place is swallowed up. And so it goes on. If you lift up one leg, chances are that you will have to stand on one leg for the rest of the journey.

Of course, there are benches and bunks. The people occupying these seats, in unruffled comfort, are seemingly from another caste, nay another world, the way they sit in their own realm of feeling. They are unconcerned by our vicissitudes of temper, by the sudden rise of a voice, the unwarranted angry outburst that emanates from the floor ; an invisible curtain seems to shelter them from the gross vulgarity of our presence. To us sitting on the floor with our limbs entangled, our bodies doubled up, their comfort is the most unforgivable form of immorality. And these sitting figures lolling in the luxury of their seats inspire in us the most fiery self-righteous indignation. As for the sleeping forms : they are beyond comment ; their depravity is so excessive that we can't even look at them.

A station arrives ; anxious figures rush past. Our compartment is beseiged. Anxious hands grapple for the door. Some push their luggage through windows and then try to follow through the same route, legs first. But where to ? The floor of the compartment is covered with people like flies on a cake of jaggery. An old woman screams, her voice trembling with fear and anger :

"Oh ! he almost killed me, that man. Oh ; look at him, a jawan, a young man, he threw his luggage on top of me, a poor old woman. Have you no mother ? Are you a man or a beast." And then with an effort excessive for one so old, she hurled the holdall over the window.

BENARES.

Benares, they say, is India. But what is India ? India, says the wise sage, is a spot on the geography of the heart, a spot that vibrates every time a man's awareness is assailed by the incomprehensible abstraction of eternity. In India we believe that man is an inhabitant of eternity, and his life on earth is but one life, an insignificant life. But God is outside time : an inhabitant of infinity. That is ultimate truth. Benares reveals it to you. Benares **lives** this truth.

In my mind Benares lives in one scene. Late afternoon, strolling along the ghats to shelter ourselves from searing heat that fell from the lead-grey sky, an old man, a very old man. On his face nothing but his skull was visible, like a 3-dimensional X-ray. Skin stretched tightly over his face and forehead which shone like polished metal. His cheeks were dark awning caves which seemed to meet inside the mouth. And his eyes ; where were they ? All we saw was twin caverns. Death hung around him.

A woman sat by his bed, fanning him desultarily, the picture of ennui.

And the old man lay there in the misery of his last hour; lay there, waiting. What thoughts were his as he lay by the banks of the Ganges, that he could not even see ? What hopes ? Perhaps he was content to breathe her presence into his body and fill it with holiness.

I realise now that I was wrong in thinking that the old man lay waiting. It occurs to me now that he was not waiting for the end but only preparing for a new beginning. His life

on earth was over, he knew. But that was all. What mattered now was that his soul should enter the new beginning cleansed, pure. And what could be a greater assurance of that than his nearness to the Ganges: the river of gods, that sprang from the head of Shiva. That his body would be washed in her sacred purity and his ashes would flow down her rippling mane, uniting his death with her life, wasn't that guarantee enough ?

HIKING FROM DARJEELING TO GANGTOK.

For those who had never carried more than a school satchel over the shoulders, carrying rucksacks weighing about 50 lbs. was itself a novel experience. With our rucksacks on our backs, our being seemed to get lost in their weight; our perceptions were blinded by the dull insistent ache of the shoulders. What we saw meant nothing to us. The low green hills, the narrow valleys and the irregular glimpses of the young and lonely stream below; playfully whispering its presence into the silence; of them just a dull memory remains.

We passed by small forgotten villages, villages that were just insignificant blurs on the perceptions of the motorist. At many of these places we stopped and received appraising glances and smiles from friendly, apple cheeked people. For them a smile was not a special gesture, it was just a natural expression of the face, a way of looking at people. And when we sat down on the soft green grass, with our backs resting on our rucksacks, trying to purge our bodies of the aching fatigue, small timorous groups would advance, uncertainly, wonderingly it always started with the children.

We reached Gangtok feeling a dulled weary sense of accomplishment. Gangtok does not look like a town at all; it lacks the cohesion, the bustling air, the closely packed houses lining streets that one associates with towns in India. Instead we saw douses desultarily scattered over the gentle decline of a great green hill. Gangtok dwells in vertical space, not along a horizontal surface as we had been accustomed to seeing on the planes. From a hight of 5000 feet—where the market stands—it extends to a height of 6000 feet—where the Palace of the Maharaja is situated on the hump of the highest ridge of mountain.

I sat down on the street to look after our 3 rucksacks while my two friends went to look for accommodation. Sitting there, I watched people passed by: the cowherd boy flashing his stick at his cows and smiling at me; the dirty unkempt Tibetans with sombrero-like felt hats held at awkward angles on matted hair; a few Sikkimese women: slim and lovely full of a quiet fragile grace. Some Indians too passed by giving me a preoccupied look of curiosity.

As these thoughts crossed my mind I saw a man came towards me. He had a dapper look about him, a real urban gentleman. He wore a dark well-made suit and carried an umbrella in his hand.

"Excuse me", he said, addressing me, "Did I hear that you are finding it difficult to get accommoation here ?"

I explained to him that the accommodation we had arranged had not been possible and that my friends had gone to look for an alternative.

"Why don't you meet me after your friends come back and I'll arrange your accommodation."

"Thank you very much", I said, my voice dripping with gratitude.

The man started to walk away. Suddenly, I realised that I know neither his name nor his address.

"Excuse me', I said, "but I don't know your name".

"Oh! yes. Ask for..................................of the ...." he said giving the general directions to his house.

"That makes you a Kashmiri", I said, when I had heard his name, my heart burstling with hope.

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly.

"Well, I'm a Kashmiri too, my name is............ and I lapsed into Kashmiri and a familiar intimacy blossomed between us. What potent force is language to bring two strangers together! I was telling him where we live in Srinagar and all that, when he suddenly asked me—

"You could n't be...........................'s son ?"

"Yes, yes", I said wondering that he knew me.

"Well, then you are my own boy", he said. And he explained that he knew my grandfather and grandmother and my mother, etc., in fact his father........................and so it went on, our conversation wending its way through narrower and narrower paths of familiarity.

He insisted that I stay with him and that he would hear of nothing less. I was to meet him for lunch when my friends returned.

It somehow seemed fated now that we should enjoy ourselves : almost as if destiny had willed it. Otherwise why would I meet a fellow Kashmiri, a family friend in so remote a mountain kingdom as Sikkim ?

Folk Dances and Rituals of Khasi Tribes in Assam

G. L. Kaul

In February 1961, my occupation drew me from Calcutta to Assam (the Eastern Corner State of India), a virgin land of tourist attractions. My frequent visits to the hill stations as well as the State Capital—Shillong—brought me into closer contacts with the Khasi tribe who dominate the area. I was at once attracted by their curious traditions and customs, and felt deeply interested in their way of life.

Shillong is situated at an altitude of 4900 feet and bestowed with a healthy climate which has made it a popular tourists' resort, and a place for rest and recoupment for the over-worked. Khasi and Jantai Hills can be roughly divided into following centres :—

Shillong Proper, Cherrapunji, Mawphlong and Jowi.

The town of Shillong is a typical Bazaar, except for the main street, where business men and travellers from all parts of India are found. An outsider is fascinated by his first visit to Bara Bazar which is mostly run by Khasi women who have adopted their dress from European Missionaries. Majority of them, among whom many Christians are also found, are educated, having been taught in Shillong Schools. Khasis call themselves "Independent Tartars-brothers of Southern Chinese". They are organised into tribes and clans, sub-divided into various casts. At the top of social ladder are heads of State, nobles and priests.

In spite of European influence during the British regime, Khasis continue to have full faith in their ancient traditions, religious beliefs and effects of evil spirits. The basis of Khasi religion is belief in spirits. The ceremonies are conducted by priests and old men. The Khasi Gods are never represented physically but worshipped as spirits. There are gods of state, of wealth, of water, and also of the village to whom sacrifice is offered every year or whenever advised by the priests.

Every year there is a great festival during the main fishing season. All the villagers assemble and a goat is sacrificed for the Goddess and a feast is given to the priests. According to the legends the Khasi priests are all descendants of the gods. One of the ceremonies is held in Nongkram, a mountain village in the State of Khyrim, of which the principal feature is a dance. Khasi boys and girls mix freely. In festivals connected with the harvests all the villagers participate and make their offering such as goats, cocks and food to the Goddess of the harvest so that the next crop may be good. The ceremony starts with a sacrifice, which is followed by dance of virgins in a big open field. The girls take small steps and hardly lift their feet from the ground, their arms hung down by their sides and their eyes pitched to the ground. The musicians, forming a small group with their drums and flute, play traditional rhythms. It is a great day for girls, as it gives them opportunity to show their beauty and intelligence to the boys with every prospects of finding a husband in the next twelve months. The villagers and outsiders are the spectators at these dances, but married women are not admitted. At the end of the dance, young men, the prospective bridegrooms, come to the girls and after firmly clasping the hands of the maidens of their choice, return to their home singing and drinking 'Kakiat', a kind of country liquor, Generally in every family 'Kakiat' is taken on such occasions.

The Jawai dance marking the festival of rain is also famous. The dance is performed like free style wrestling. Hands fly in the air and legs away to the rhythm of the drum-beat. The dancers cross swords as if they were fighting. The purpose of this performance is to frighten away evil spirits and to clear the atmosphere of harmful vapours which could affect the health of the members of the ancient clam. On this occasion dancing in the water-pool and throwing of mud at one another are common. Finally nine separate parts of cock and goat flesh are offered to the god of the Shillong Mountain. The high priest takes an oath and the ceremony comes to an end with the traditional drinking of 'Kakiat'.

Khasi weddings are accompanied by religious ceremonies. A youg man proposing to marry a girl first mentions the matter to his parents, unless the latter have already decided on a daughter-in-law. They send a male representative of the family, generally the maternal uncle, to discuss the matter with the girl's parents.

When both the parties settle the terms, they consult the priest to find that there is no impediment to the union. The priest resorts to the method of divination, such as egg breaking and the inspection of the entrails of a cock. If every thing is all right according to him, the date of marriage is fixed and the exchange of silver rings takes place. On the wedding day the groom leaves his house with proper escort. He wears red or white turban and goes to the girl's house where a feast is arranged. At bride's place all her kith and kin wear their hereditary jewellery. One of the nearest relatives of the bride makes introductions in a set pattern, first father and finally the bride, at whose side he takes his seat. Then the marriage contract is recited and an inventory of goods presented by each party is made out. Meanwhile, the ceremony takes place by putting three dried fish on the ground, when the priest begins to chant, "Hail, Lord of the Heavens, Lord of the Earth, Lord who has created man ; these two shall become one ; the rings have been exchanged ; thy will has been done ; they have been wedded to-day (here he pronounces the names of the couple) ; give this new family thy blessings and show them the way, that they may have full knowledge how to get rice and potatoes etc." The priest then pours water three times on the ground and then again chants, "Hail you, Oh Mother, Oh Maternal Uncle, Oh most ancient Grandfathers ; the rings have been exchanged and three fishes laid on the ground ; hear all you ancestors ; grant this wedded paid strength and courage that they may be happy." The fishes are then hung from the main beam of the roof, and the whole assembly bursts in a triumphant cry, "Ho ! Hi ! Ho !" The ceremony ends with a sacrifice of a white cock or a pig to satiate for the gods of the State. After three days of the marriage ceremony, the newly weds live together. At the end of three days, the girl visits her husband in his parents' house, takes him away by hand and invites him to come to live with her. The poor-fellow leaves the house of his paraents for good. After the birth of two or three children, the couple remove the hanging fish and sacrifice a pig to mark the happy married life.

Ancient Hindu Mathematics

C. N. Kashkari

Ancient India was a land of philosophers and intellectuals. Learning was regarded as a sacred duty of every person. In the remote past of which we have no satisfactory record, India had many recognised branches of learning like Astronomy, Chemistry, Philosophy, Music, Architecture and Mathematics. Vedas are the oldest books in the World and these give us a glimpse of a great Indian civilisation. Besides Vedas there were a large number of other manuscripts written by ancient writers, but unfortunately most of them have been lost and what has been left is sufficient to convince us of what existed.

Origin of Zero :—It is recognised that the foundations of modern arithmetic and algebra were laid in India long ago. The clumsy method of using Roman and such like numerals had long retarded progress when the ten Indian numerals, including the "Zero" sign threw a flood of light on the progress of mathematics. These number symbols were unique and entirely different from all other symbols used in other countries. Nowadays we take them for granted, yet they contained the seeds of progress in them. It took many centuries for them to travel, via Bhagdad to the West.

During Napoleon's time Laplace wrote :—"It is India that gave us the ingenious method of expressing all numbers by means of ten symbols, each symbol receiving a value of position as well as an absolute value ; a profound and important idea which appears to us so simple that we ignore its true merit. But its very simplicity, the great ease which it has lent to all computations, puts our arithmetic in the first rank of useful inventions ; and we shall appreciate the grandeur of this achivement when we remember that it escaped the genius of Archimedes and Apollonius, two of the greatest men produced by antiquity." The earliest use of the zero symbol so far discovered dates back to 200 B.C. It is considered probable that the place value system was invented about the beginning of the Christian era. The zero called "Shunya" or nothing was originally a dot and later it became a small circle. Professor Halsted thus emphasises the vital importance of this invention, "The importance of the creation of the zero mark can never be exaggerated. This giving to airy nothings, not merely a local habitation and a name, a picture and symbol but helpful power, is the characteristic of the Hindu race from where it sprang.

"No single mathematical creation has been more potent for the general on-go of intelligence and power."

Mathematics in Religious Manuscripts :—

Based on available evidence Western scholars are of the opinion thot mathematical development in India can be traced back to 1,000 B.C. Various manuscripts attributed to this period give us some knowledge of mathematics of the period. Most of the Mathematics relate to rules concerning proportion of altars in temples. There is a statement of Pythagorean Theorem namely $x^2+y^2=z^2$ and various sets of numbers are given which satisfy this relation. Various formulae are given for finding the area of a circle, the sides and diagonal of rectangles and squares.

Varahamihira :—

During the first five hundred years of the Christian era various books were written by various mathematicians but the most famous mathematician of this period was Varahamihira. He wrote a famous book on astronomy called—"Surya Siddhanta." It may be mentioned here that Indian astronomers were among the first to develop methods for making astronomical observations and of perdiction of eclipses.

One of his books contains an excellent summary of Hindu Trigonometry in the early days.

Varahamihira was followed by some famous mathematicians during the period 500-1,000 A.D. The outstanding among them were 1. Arybhata, 2. Brahmagupta, and 3. Mahavira.

Aryabhata :—His work is called "Aryabhatyam" which is comprised of the following books :—

1. GITIKA—A collection of astronomical tables.

2. ARYASTASATA—This includes a note on arithmetic in the form of a book called "Ganita."
This also includes the Kalakriya on time and its measure, and the Gola, on the sphere.

The arithmetic carries numeration by ones up to 10^8. There is a rule for finding square roots. It also gives a rule for summing up in arithmetic series after the pth term which may be written as follows :—

$$S=n\left[a+\left(\frac{n-1}{2}+p\right)^d\right]$$

Various theories are written on quadratic equations. Rules are given for finding the value of π which makes it equal to 3.1416. Methods of calculating sines, etc., also given.

Brahmagupta :—

He was the most prominent of Hindu mathematicians in the 7th century. At the age of thirty he wrote an astronomical work in twenty-nine chapters called "BRAMASIDHANTA". His work on arithmetic includes work on integers, fractions, simple interest, etc. In algebra he wrote on negative numbers quadratic equations, simultaneous and indeterminate equations.

Mahavira :— One of his famous works is called "Ganita-sara-sangraha, in which he has written on negative numbers, multiplication and division by zero, square roots, cubing and cube roots, summation of arithmetic and geometric series. The most noteworthy feature in his treatment of fractions is that relating to inverted divisions, i.e. making the denominator of the divisor its numerator and then doing ordinary multiplication of fractions. It is surprising that this method, which was used in the east since ancient times, became a lost art until it was again adopted in Europe in the 16th century. His work on geometry relates to ellipses, spheres, trapezium, etc.

Period 1,000-1,500 A.D. and Bhaskara :—

In this period first of the famous mathematicians was Shridhara who wrote a treatise on arithmetic called "Bijaganita."

Another famous mathematician of this period was Bhaskara. He wrote chiefly on astronomy and arithmetic. His most famous book *"Lilavati"* was probably named after his daughter Lilavathi. This book is still used in some schools on account of its style. In 1587 this book was translated into Persian by Fyze on directions from Emperor Akbar. It includes treatment of integers and fractions, the rule of three, common commercial rules, interest, permutations, algebra and rules relating to zero.

His other famous book is "Bija ganita," a work on algebra. In this he discusses numbers, simultaneous and quadratic equations and surds.

Yet another famous book of Bhaskara is "Siddhanta-siromani," wherein he deals with the theory of spheres and asserts the sphericity of the earth.

Ramanujan :—

"While writing on mathematics one cannot help thinking of an extraordinary figure of recent times. This was Srinivasa Ramanujam. He was born in a poor family in South India and had no opportunities for a proper education. He became a clerk in Madras Port Trust. Due to his instinctive genius, he was always playing about with numbers and equations in his spare time. By a lucky chance he attracted the attention of a mathematician who sent his amateur work to Cambridge. People there were impressed and a scholarship was arranged for him. So he left his clerk's job and went to Cambridge and during a brief period there, did work of profound value and amazing originality. The Royal Society elected him a fellow, but he died two years later at the age of thirty three. Professor Julian Huxley has referred to him somewhere as the greatest mathematician of the century."

This article was an attempt to indicate that mathematics has occupied the minds of Indian people since the earliest days. There were many mathematicians besides the ones named above but unfortunately this work was either lost or is still lying somewhere unnoticed. One can still come across old manuscripts lying in old temples and monasteries. It may take a long time before the manuscripts are collected and studied which may throw great light on the mathematical development in ancient India.

By Road to Kashmir

Reena Kaul

The day did arrive after all. There are always the last minute things to attend to. We started feeling uncomfortable with heat almost from the very start. On the first day journey was continued throughout the day. We decided not to travel between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. except on the first and last day when we were travelling in Kashmir, journey was done only in morning and evening.

To resume. We had lunch at the Railway Restaurant of Burdwan and at 4 P.M. we were at Asansol. What do you think we would have wished and enjoyed most in Asansol after a fairly uncomfortable day It was just water, and luckily we got water from a Hotel. We did not eat anything in Asansol.

The evening was pleasant and from Asansol onwards we drove at an average speed of 50 miles per hour.

We had our supper at Isri which is in Bihar. There was a noticeable change between West Bengal and Bihar.

We continued our journey and stopped at Bagodar Inspection Bungalow, 14 miles further off. It was 9 P.M. then.

We had a flying start from Bagodar at 4-35 A.M. next day an early start indeed! We reached Barhi at 6-15 A.M. There is a ferry crossing on the River Sone as we do not have any road bridge there. If you want to avoid that one has to take a circuitous road from Barhi and travel 45 miles extra. That is the route we followed. We had tea at wayside tea stall at Barhi. The wayside tea stalls have their own charms and purpose.

At Kodarma, we had to wait near a Railway crossing for the train to pass. As mica was shining invitingly on the road, I got down and gathered a boxful of the shining mica, and made liberal present of it to my people and friends in Kashmir.

We arrived at Patna at 11 A.M. The streets there are crowded and dirty. We had a wash and rest for about 4 hours in Patna.

Our next days halt was at Bikramgunj. Bikramgunj appears quite alive and active by night. Bikramgunj has tasty fish and they sell so cheap. I wonder why the place does not attract our Bengali friends. From Bikramgunj we started at 5-30 A.M. and at 10 A.M. we were at Benares. We had promised my little sister to buy her bangles in Benaras and so we went on the bangles hunt in the city. After we had a bath at Dashasemaid Ghat in the sacred Ganges, we had the darshan of Sri Viswanath Temple. We saw this temple first time in details and it is no wonder that American Tourists make Benares and Biswanath Temple a "must", in their itinerary. 9th May may have been the day of marrige for we saw many newly wed couples coming to the Biswanath Mandir for getting Lord's blessings. One of us talked to a bridegroom who was proud of studying in class V. He looked 18 years of age all right. But he repeatedly talked of his being in class V and his being "educated".

We passed Allahabad and reached Fatehpur at about 11-45 P.M. Fatehpur has a lovely Dak Bungalow built by the British according to their tastes. It was luckily well kept and clean, and the Dak Bungalow by far the best we stayed in. After a tiring day it was wonderful to rest in that inviting and beautiful Dak Bungalow. Next day's lunch we had at Bewar. But Bewar is no place to have your lunch particularly if you are a non-vegeterian.

Journey from Bewar to Meerut took us about 5 hours and at 8 P.M. we reached Meerut. We stayed with my uncle. That was our own home, and things were taken easy. We slept late, talking of our journey and so many things. Next day we started at 2 P.M. after a sumptuous meal prepared and taken as we do in homes. About 2 hours drive took us to Saharanpur. where we visited Dr. Banerjee's famous flower garden which is a unique garden. Flowers from his nursery have earned many a prize even in overseas Flower Shows. He has a cactus for which the Nizam of Hyderabad offered him Rs. 5000/-. Being fond of plantsand flowers, than of money, he thankfully refused. We saw that plant ! No wonder the Nizam offered him such a huge sum for the plant.

So far we were travelling in U.P. but towards the evening we passed U.P. and entered the Punjab. We had our meals at Rajpur. We could, by the way people took food particularly Rottis, the physical features and so many other small things tell that we were in the lands of the Five Rivers.

Next day we passed Pathankot and reached Samba at about 1 P.M. The drive from Pathankot to Jammu was something the drivers were talking about all the way from Calcutta and all of us enjoyed the road with its ups and downs.

Story books interested me no more for scenary was more fascinating. We passed through Jammu, arrived at Kud in the evening but as usual no accommodation was available and we had to proceed to Batote where we got accommodation with great difficulty. It was very cold there, and we had to borrow blankets from our neighbours.

The next morning we started at about 6 A.M. after our tea, and at 11 or so we passed the Jawahar Tunnel. What a change greeted our eyes as we entered the valley. Every thing was green full of beauty and loveliness, and we got a great thrill to see our Kashmir.

The journey, which took us 6 days on the whole, was so very pleasant that I would love to do it again.

TIT—BITS

Ratan Bhan

Professor : "A fool can answer more questions than a wise man can answer".

Student : "That is why we all failed in the exam"

★ ★ ★

Teacher : (Giving astronomy lessons) "Name me some of the stars".

Boy : "Football or film...................Sir".

Guide : "This building has been here over 500 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing replaced, nothing changed".

Tourist : "They must have the same landlord as we have".

★ ★ ★

"Is it bad luck to have a cat follow you".

That depends whether you are a man or a mouse.

★ ★ ★

Millie : "Do you think, someone really can foretell the future".

Peggy : "My mother can. She took one look at my report card and told me what would happen when dad got home".

(In an Essay Competition organised by the Sabha last May, the following were adjudged as the best among 24 entries received.)

My Mummy is the Best Mummy in the World

First Prize — **Miss Anjana Kumar (Age 9 years)**

My mother is the best mother in the world. She scolds me, she spanks me, she kisses me, she beats me but I still love her. She sometimes gives me things I want and sometimes she says "No". She takes me out to pictures and gives me ice-creams to eat. She takes me out shopping. She takes me out for drives. She takes me swimming in summer.

Mummy sometimes tells me things which I really ought to know. She tells me not to eat ice-creams when I have a cold. She helps me in my home work and teaches me how to pronounce words. She tells me stories when I am ill.

Every child thinks her mother is the best but I think mine is the best for she has done so many things for me.

Second Prize — **Lalit Raina (Age 11 years)**

My Mummy was my first acquaintance in this world. When I first started to sense and feel things my mother was the one whom I recognized.

Excepting for school and playtime I am always with mother. I feel happy and safe in her company. She likes me very much. If I want anything she gives it to me.

On an occasion we decided to go to Delhi in Puja holidays. But the day when we had to go came near I fell ill. On the fixed day I told my mother to go. My father had not to go. So, I said to my mother that I should stay here with father. My mother did not agree. This shows that my mother likes me very much.

On another occasion I went to see a drama. I came back at 11 o'clock. My mother had not taken food upto this time. When I came my Mummy and I took food together. This also shows that my mother likes me very much.

On every morning the things which are necessary for us to take to school she makes them ready. When we come back from school she teaches us. When we do mistake she scolds us. She teaches us good manners and discipline. She takes great care of our study. Mummys of all boys are good. But my Mummy is the best Mummy in the world.

वि त स्ता

(कश्मीर सभा, कलकत्ता की मासिक पत्रिका
'न्युवज़ एण्ड व्यवुज़' का वार्षिक अंक)

हिन्दी विभाग

सम्पादक
एम० के० ओग्रा

१५-८-६२

इस

अंक

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अपनी बात

कश्मीर सभा कलकत्ता के सदस्यों के परिश्रम का स्पष्ट परिणाम हमारी मासिक पत्रिका ''न्युवज एण्ड व्यवुज'' का लगातार मुद्रित होना है। आज से तीन वर्ष पहले १९५९ ई० में यह मासिक पत्रिका शुरू की गई। इस अंक को लेकर कुल तीन वार्षिक अंक निकाले गये।

अपनी मासिक पत्रिका का मूल उद्देश्य यह है कि अपनी बरादरी को उससे सम्बन्धित समाचार से परिचित रखे तथा अपने जातीय सम्बन्ध को दृढ़ और कायम रखे। वार्षिक अंक से अपनी पुरानी ऐतिहासिक सभ्यता, संस्कृति तथा अन्य सामाजिक व जातीय रीति-रिवाजों व समस्यांओं की एक झांकी प्राप्त करने की चेष्टा की जाती है।

इस वर्ष से अपनी पत्रिका का नाम ''वितस्ता''— कश्मीर से उद्गम होनेवाली जेलहम नदी का पौराणिक नाम—रखा गया है। यह सदा ही हमें अपने ऐतिहासिक सभ्यता, संस्कृति तथा जातीय व राष्ट्रीय एकता का स्मरण दिलायेगा।

यह अति प्रसन्नता का अवसर है कि प्रत्येक वर्ष हमारा वार्षिक अंक उन्नति दिखा रहा है। प्रस्तुत अंक में यद्यपि अधिक लेख नहीं हैं, फिर भी आशा की जाती है कि आप इसको पढ़ने से आनन्दित होंगे।



गीता में ज्ञान

चन्द्रकुमारी हण्डू

हिन्दू धर्म एक अत्यन्त शान्तिप्रिय धर्म है, इसके भाव उच्च हैं और हृदय अति विशाल है। इसकी साधनाओं का कोई अन्त नहीं है, भगवान के रूप और नामों का कोई पार नहीं है, ईश्वर और भक्त के नातों की कोई गिनती नहीं है। कोई भगवान को पिता तो कोई माता कहता है, कोई पुत्र या भाई और कोई-कोई अपने प्रभु को मधुर भाव से प्रेरित होकर पति के नाम से भी पुकारता है। यहाँ तक कि एक श्री राम को अपना बहनोई मानते थे और साले के नाते अपनी भोली बहिन सीता को बन में ले जाने के लिए उन्हें खूब ताने भी सुनाते थे। यह उनकी 'प्रेम लपेटी अटपटी' भक्ति थी। भगवान ने उसे स्वीकार किया और वह बड़े प्रेमी भक्त और महात्मा माने गए। जिस हिन्दू धर्म के नाम पर साधु सन्त निराकार ब्रह्म के ध्यान में समाधि लगाते हैं, उसी धर्म में पीपल का पेड़, सांप यहाँ तक कि मुसलमानों की कब्रें भी पूजी जाती हैं। लोग कहते हैं यह हिन्दू धर्म का पतन है, परन्तु वह यह नहीं जानते कि वह उदार हृदयवाली माता है। वह किसी प्रेमी भक्त को अपनी छत्रछाया से वंचित नहीं रखना चाहती है।

परन्तु इस प्रकार हिन्दू धर्म की सीमा बहुत बढ़ जाती है और उसकी अपनी सन्तान को भी अपना धर्म समझने में कठिनाई मालूम होती है। इसलिए वैदिक काल के प्राचीन ऋषिमुनियों से लेकर आज तक, युग-युग में, इस पुण्यमयी भारत भूमि में, ऐसे महात्मा उत्पन्न हुए हैं जिन्होंने इस विस्तृत हिन्दू धर्म पर प्रकाश डालते हुए धर्म के दुर्गम मार्ग को सुगम बना दिया है। तुलसीदास इस विषय पर यों कहते हैं—

अति अपार जे सरित बर जौं नृप सेतु कराहिं।
चढ़ि पिपिलिकउ परम लघु बिनु श्रम पारहिं जाहिं॥

अर्थात् बड़ी-बड़ी नदियों पर जब राजा पुल बनवा देते हैं, तब उस पर छोटी सी चींटी भी बिना मेहनत के पार चली जाती है। इस दृष्टान्त के अनुसार हमें यह समझना चाहिए कि गीता-रूपी-पुल का निर्माण हमारी जैसी क्षुद्र चींटियों को पार पहुँचाने के लिए हुआ था। इस पुल पर तीन मार्ग हैं, ज्ञान भक्ति और कर्म। मनुष्य अपनी इच्छानुसार जिस मार्ग पर चाहे चल सकता है।

ये तीन मार्ग योग के नाम से विख्यात हैं। योग एक बड़ा व्यापक शब्द है और अनेक प्रकार का माना गया है जैसे कि हठयोग, राजयोग इत्यादि। मनुष्य के त्रिविध स्वभाव के आधार पर गीता में तीन मुख्य योग माने गए हैं। वह त्रिविध स्वभाव हैं बौद्धिक, भावुक और कर्मशील, मस्तिष्क, हृदय और हाथ ये तीनों अंग सभी मनुष्यों में होते हैं, और जैसे मनुष्य अपने जीवन में बुद्धि, हृदय और हाथ से काम करता है वैसे ही इन तीनों योगों में मेल है विरोध नहीं। परन्तु जैसे व्यक्ति में किसी अंग का विकाश अधिक और किसी का अधिक होता है, उसी प्रकार कर्मशील मनुष्य को कर्म पथ, भावुक को भक्ति मार्ग और विवेक बुद्धि वाले को ज्ञान से स्वाभाविक प्रेम होता है। योग शब्द का अर्थ है मेल अर्थात् जीवात्मा का परमात्मा से मेल, दुख से वियोग और आनन्द से योग, यही सब योगों का अन्तिम लक्ष्य और चरम सीमा है।

गीता में योग शब्द का न मालूम कई सौ बार प्रयोग किया गया है, परन्तु भगवान पहली ही बार दूसरे अध्याय में स्पष्ट शब्दों में हमें योग का अर्थ समझा देते हैं। वे कहते हैं कि सिद्धि और प्रसिद्धि में समता रखो क्योंकि समत्व भाव को ही योग कहते हैं। 'समत्वं योग उच्यते' के आधे वाक्य में ही योग का सार आ जाता है। समत्व बुद्धि क्या चीज है, वह कैसे पाई जा सकती है. बस सारी गीता में इसी का वर्णन है, और कभी योगी के नाम से, कभी भक्त या ज्ञानी के नाम से भगवान ने समबुद्धि वाले के लक्षण, कम से कम चार जगह प्रभावशाली भाषा में बताये हैं। योगी वही है जिसे सुख-दुख समान है, मिट्टी, पत्थर और सोना समान हैं और प्रिय-अप्रिय वस्तु भी समान है। जो मान-अपमान, निन्दा-प्रशंसा, मित्र, बैरी को एक सा समझता है वही योगी कहलाने योग्य है। जो सर्दी-गर्मी समभाव से सहन कर सकता है, जिसकी इन्द्रियाँ अपने वश में हैं वही समता को पा चुका है। इस समता को हम चाहे ज्ञान से प्राप्त करें या भक्ति से या कर्म से, इसमें हमारे धर्म ने हमें पूरी स्वतन्त्रता दे रखी है।

अर्जुन यद्यपि कृष्ण का सखा था, परन्तु उसके अन्तर्चक्षु नहीं खुले थे, वह इस समता के भाव को समझ न सका और हमारे जैसे संसार के साधारण स्त्री-पुरुषों की तरह चकित होकर पूछने लगा—

योऽयं योगस्त्वया प्रोक्तः साम्येन मधुसूदन।
एतस्याहं न पश्यामि चञ्चलत्वात्स्थितिं स्थिराम्॥

'हे मधुसूदन, यह जो समता का योग आपने बताया है वह मन की चञ्चलता को देखते हुए स्थायी रूप से मनुष्य के मन में कैसे ठहर सकता है यह मेरी समझ में नहीं आता।'

चञ्चलं हि मनः कृष्ण प्रमाथि बलवद्दृढम्।
तस्याहं निग्रहं मन्ये वायोरिव सुदुष्करम्॥

'हे कृष्ण, मन बड़ा चंचल हठीला और बलवान है। उसे वश में करना मैं इतना ही कठिन मानता हूँ जैसे हवा को पकड़ना।' इसका उत्तर देते हुए भगवान कहते हैं —

असंशयं महाबाहो मनो दुर्निग्रहं चलम्।
अभ्यासेन तु कौंतेय वैराग्येण च गृह्यते॥

'हे महाबाहो, निस्सन्देह मन बड़ा चंचल और कठिनता से वश में आनेवाला है, परन्तु अभ्यास और वैराग से यह पकड़ा जा सकता है। अभ्यास और वैराग, यही गीता के बीज मंत्र हैं। अभ्यास, निरन्तर अभ्यास। और जन्म-जन्म अभ्यास !! वैराग्य अथवा त्याग जिसकी शिक्षा गीता में दी गई हैं वह कर्म का नहीं है परन्तु कर्मफल और वासना का है। यथार्थ त्याग कामना और वासना त्याग द्वारा ही हो सकता है। जो संसार-सागर में खड़ा रहकर भी अपने को सूखा रख सके, उसकी तरंगों से रंग न चढ़ने दे, विषय द्वन्द में निर्द्वन्द रहे वही योगी है। तुलसीदास जी का कहना है —

जहाँ राम तहं काम नहीं जहाँ काम नहि राम,
तुलसी कबहिं होत नहीं रवि-रजनी एक ठाम ॥

अर्थात् जैसे एक ही स्थान में और एक ही समय प्रकाश और अँधेरा संग नहीं रह सकता उसी प्रकार जहाँ राम बसते हैं वहाँ काम या वासना नहीं हो सकती और जहाँ वासना और आसक्ति होती हैं वहाँ राम नहीं होते। फिर हम छोटी-छोटी चींटियाँ जिनका मन वासनाओं से भरा है वह कैसे राम को पावैं ? सो मेरे विचार से हमी लोगों के लिए गीता-गान हुआ था। जो ज्ञान की चोटी पर पहुँच चुके हैं, जो राम को पाचुके हैं या भजन में लीन हैं, उन्हें गीता की आवश्यकता ही क्या है ? उनके तो रोम-रोम में राम रमे हुए हैं, यह सृष्टि उनके लिए ब्रह्ममय हो चुकी है, परन्तु हम संसारी जीवों को अपनी शुद्धि, भक्ति भाव से, या कर्म योग से या विवेक बुद्धि से करनी है। यह कभी नहीं सोचना चाहिये कि यह मार्ग हमारे लिए असाध्य है। बूँद-बूँद पानी से भी घड़ा भर सकता है, बालक हजारों बार गिरता है फिर भी खड़ा होना और चलना सीखता है। चाहे हम चींटी की चाल चलें या कछुए की परन्तु चलते ही रहें, अपना आदर्श न छोड़ें अपना ध्येय न भूलें तो कभी न कभी सिद्धि मिलेगी। भगवान स्वयं भी कहते हैं :—

बहूनां जन्मनामन्ते ज्ञानवान्मां प्रपद्यते।
वासुदेव सर्वमिति स महात्मा सुदुर्लभः ॥

'बहुत जन्मों के बाद ज्ञानी मुझे प्राप्त करता है। जो यह समझे कि वासुदेव ही सब कुछ हैं, ऐसा महात्मा मिलना अत्यन्त दुर्लभ है।''

मैंने भक्ति और कर्म को छोड़कर ज्ञान पर दृष्टि डालनी पसन्द की, उसका एक विशेष कारण है। बुद्धि योग साधना की एक आरम्भिक चीज है। विचारों का जीवन पर बड़ा भारी प्रभाव पड़ता है। मनुष्य के विचार और उसके मन की पवित्रता उसके कर्मों द्वारा जानी जा सकती है, यहाँ तक कि उसके मन की छिपी हुई कुभावनाएँ भी कभी न कभी फूटकर निकल पड़ती हैं। विचार में अनन्त शक्ति है, इसी से हम प्रकृति से सम्बन्ध जोड़कर जन्म-जन्मान्तर भटकते रहते हैं, इसी विचार शक्ति द्वारा हम आत्मा और परमात्मा के भेद को मिटाकर भवसागर को गोपद की तरह पार कर लेते हैं। इसीलिए गीता को भी भगवान ने ज्ञान चर्चा से आरम्भ किया है। जब जीवन का ध्येय और आदर्श ठीक-ठीक समझ में आजाता है तभी मनुष्य उन्नति प्राप्त कर सकता है। चाहे जिस मार्ग के हम अनुयायी बनें, हमें पहले बुद्धि की शरण लेनी पड़ती है।

गीता में हम देखते हैं कि पहले अध्याय में महाभारत के पात्रों से परिचय कराकर और युद्ध की तैयारी दिखाकर, दूसरे अध्याय में भगवान ने आत्मा के यथार्थ रूप का वर्णन किया है। युद्धक्षेत्र में महावीर अर्जुन की विचित्र दशा थी। उनका मुख सूख रहा था, अंग-अंग शिथिल हो रहे थे, शरीर काँप रहा था, हाथ से धनुष गिरा जा रहा था और खड़े रहने की शक्ति उनमें नहीं रह गई थी। ऐसे विकट समय में जब दोनों सेनाओं में रण डंकों के घोर शब्द वीरों के हृदयों को विदीर्ण कर रहे थे, आत्मा के अमरत्व की शिक्षा अर्जुन को दी गयी। यह एक बड़े आश्चर्य की बात मालूम होती है परन्तु इसमें एक गूढ़ रहस्य छिपा है। इस रहस्य को जिसने समझ लिया है उसने भारतवर्ष की प्राचीन सभ्यता के केन्द्र को, उसके हृदय की गति को और सनातन धर्म के सार को जान लिया है। भारतवर्ष की संस्कृति की नींव है धर्म, और धर्म की नींव है हमारी आत्मशक्ति। हिन्दुओं के सब सम्प्रदाय इस आत्मा के सिद्धान्त में एकमत हैं। ऐसे उदार विचार किसी दूसरे धर्म में नहीं पाए जाते हैं। जर्मन विद्वान मैक्स मूलर उपनिषदों के काव्यकार ऋषियों के लिए कह गए हैं कि 'ये लोग विचारों के जिस ऊँचे शिखर पर पहुँच कर साँस ले सकते थे यदि दूसरे मनुष्य उतना ऊँचा चढ़ने का प्रयत्न करते तो उनके फेफड़े फट जाते।'

अर्जुन की कायरता दूर करने के लिए और उसे साहस दिलाने के लिए श्रीकृष्ण उससे कहते हैं कि 'न कोई ऐसा समय था जब तू और मैं और यह राजा नहीं थे, न कोई ऐसा समय भविष्य में होगा जब हम और यह न होंगे। जैसे शरीर में कुमार अवस्था, यौवन और जरा आते-जाते हैं, उसी तरह मृत्यु के पश्चात् दूसरा शरीर प्राप्त होता है इससे धैर्यवान मोहित नहीं होते। शरीर अंतवंत है, परन्तु आत्मा नित्य और नाशरहित है। जैसे हम पुराना वस्त्र त्याग कर नया धारण करते हैं वैसे ही जीवात्मा पुराना शरीर छोड़ने पर नए को ग्रहण करता है। इस आत्मा को शास्त्र काट नहीं सकते, आग जला नहीं सकती, पानी गला नहीं सकता और हवा सुखा नहीं सकती। यह नित्य, सर्वगत, अचल, सनातन, अव्यक्त, अचिन्त्य और विकार रहित है, इसलिए इसके लिए शोक करना उचित नहीं है। यदि इसको नित्य जन्म लेनेवाला और नित्य मरनेवाले भी जानो तब भी यह शोक के योग्य नहीं है क्योंकि जन्म लेने वाले को मृत्यु और मरने वाले का जन्म निश्चित है।'

स्वामी विवेकानन्द इस विषय में एक कहानी सुना गए हैं। एक भूखी गर्भिणी सिंहनी बकरियों के झुंड में आ पहुँची। वह बकरियों को पकड़ने के लिए ज्यों ही उनपर कूदी उसका बच्चा पैदा हो गया और वह स्वयं मर गई। इस तरह से वह शेर का बच्चा बकरियों के संग पलने

लगा। अकस्मात् एक दिन एक और भूखा शेर उन बकरियोंके झुंड में प्रवेश कर गया। यह देखकर कि एक दूसरा शेर बकरियों के संग घास खा रहा है वह आश्चर्य चकित हो गया। उसने उसे पकड़ कर कहा—'तू सिंह है।' शेर का बच्चा थर-थर काँपने लगा और कहने लगा—'नहीं मैं बकरी हूँ।' बड़ा शेर उसे पानी के पास ले गया और कहा—'देख तू मेरा जैसा है या नहीं।' बच्चे ने अपना रूप पानी में देखा और देखते ही उसकी समझ में आ गया कि वह कौन है। वह भी एक बार जोर से गर्जा। उस दिन से वह निर्भय होकर स्वतन्त्रतापूर्वक बन में विचरने लगा। स्वामी जी इसके आगे यों कहते हैं—'मेरे मित्रो ! सिंह होकर बकरी की तरह क्यों रोते हो ? तुम शुद्ध, पूर्ण और अनादि आत्मा हो, तुम्हारे लिए न जन्म है न मृत्यु, तुम्हारे लिए न दुख है न रोग. संसार की शक्ति तुम्हारे अन्दर है। कमजोर से कमजोर व्यक्ति को शिक्षा दो कि वह अमर है। बचपन से बुद्धि में शक्तिमान विचारों को आने दो। दुर्बलता को मन से हटाओ। अपने मन में कहो—'मैं भगवान की दिव्य शक्ति हूँ। दिन रात इसकी माला जपो, दिन रात इस मधुर शब्द को मन में गूजने दो। यही सत्य है। अविद्या ने तुम्हारे मन को ढक रखा है, उसे निकाल कर फेंक दो। सत्य को जानो। सत्य का अभ्यास करो। हमारा लक्ष्य दूर है, परन्तु उठो-उठो, जब तक ध्येय तक न पहुंचो रास्ते में न रुको और निरन्तर यत्न करते रहो।'

इस कारण गीता का पहला उपदेश है आत्मशक्ति। श्रीकृष्ण अर्जुन को ललकार कर कहते हैं। हे अर्जुन, इस विषम अवस्था में यह उदासी तुम्हारे ऊपर कैसे छा गई है ? यह न आर्यों के योग्य है, न स्वर्ग को देनेवाली है और न कीर्ति को रखनेवाली है। कापुरुष मत बनो। यह तुम्हारे अयोग्य है। इस हृदय की क्षुद्र दुर्बलता को त्यागो और उठो। यह वचन हजारों वर्ष हुए कुरुक्षेत्र में कहे गए तो क्या हुआ। ईश्वर कालातीत है, नर नारायण से सदा अभिन्न है। यह गीता का गीत स्वयं परमात्मा की ओर से अमर पुकार है। कुरुक्षेत्र और धर्म क्षेत्र सदा हमारे संग हैं। किसका मन ऐसा नीच है जिसमें सद्भावों की प्रेरणा न उठी हो ? और किसका मन इतना निर्दोष है कि उसमें काम, क्रोध, लोभ और द्वेष ने घमासान युद्ध न मचाया हो ? मनके विकारों को दूर करने से ही मन रूपी कुरुक्षेत्र धर्मक्षेत्र बन सकता है।

चौथे अध्याय में भगवान अनेक प्रकार के यज्ञों का वर्णन करते हैं। वह यज्ञों का समय था, परन्तु यज्ञ शब्द के संकीर्ण अर्थ की सीमा बढ़ाकर वह कहते हैं कि ज्ञान यज्ञ द्रव्य यज्ञ से श्रेष्ठ है क्योंकि ज्ञान ही सब कर्मों की पराकाष्ठा है 'सर्व कर्माखिलं पार्थ ज्ञाने परिसमाप्यते' अर्थात् ज्ञान पाकर सब कर्मों का अन्त हो जाता है। इसका यह मतलब नहीं कि कर्म करना बन्द हो जाता है परन्तु कर्म में बन्धन की शक्ति नहीं रह जाती। ज्ञान किस प्रकार पाया जाता है वह भगवान यों बताते हैं—

तद्विद्धि प्रणिपातेन परिप्रश्नेन सेवया।
उपदेक्ष्यन्ति ते ज्ञानं ज्ञानिनस्तत्वदर्शिनः।

'प्रणाम से, सेवा से, प्रश्न करके उस ज्ञान को जानो तत्वदर्शी ज्ञानी लोग ऐसा करने से ज्ञान की दीक्षा देते हैं' अर्थात् जहाँ महात्मा लोग नम्रता, आत्म-समर्पण और जिज्ञासा का भाव देखते हैं वहीं वह अपनी कृपा की वर्षा करते हैं। इस श्लोक में भगवान ने स्पष्ट शब्दों में गुरु बनाने की आज्ञा दी है और गुरुवाद प्राचीन समय से हिन्दुओं का एक सिद्धांत चला आ रहा है। कहा जाता है कि आजकल सद्गुरु मिलना असम्भव है परन्तु 'जिन खोजा तिन पाइया' की उक्ति के अनुसार हमारे शास्त्रों में कहा गया है कि जहाँ सच्ची लगन होती है वहाँ चाहे भगवान ही को गुरु का रूप धरकर आना पड़े परन्तु गुरु अवश्य मिल जाता है।

अपि चेदसि पापेभ्यः सर्वेभ्यः पापकृत्तमः।
सर्वं ज्ञान प्लवेनैव वृजिनं संतरिष्यसि॥

यह श्लोक मानव जाति के प्रति भगवान की एक मधुर प्रतिज्ञा है। वे कहते हैं—"यदि तुम सब पापियों से भी अधिक पाप करने वाले हो तब भी ज्ञान रूपी नौका पर चढ़कर तुम सब पापों को पार कर जाओगे।"

यथैधांसि समिद्धोऽग्नि र्भस्मसात्कुरुतेऽर्जुन।
ज्ञानाग्निः सर्वकर्माणि भस्मसात्कुरुते तथा॥

'जैसे कि धधकी हुई अग्नि लकड़ी को राख बना देती है वैसे ही ज्ञान रूपी-अग्नि कर्म बन्धन को भस्म कर देती है।'

नहि ज्ञानेन सदृशं पवित्रमिह विद्यते।
तत्स्वयं योग संसिद्धि कालेनात्मनि विन्दति॥

इस संसार में ज्ञान के समान पवित्र करनेवाली कोई वस्तु नहीं है। समय पाकर योग में सिद्धि प्राप्त करने के बाद मनुष्य इसका अनुभव हृदय में स्वयं करता है।'

श्रद्धावाँल्लभते ज्ञानं तत्परः संयतेन्द्रियः
ज्ञानं लब्ध्वा परां शान्तिमचिरेणधिगच्छति॥

इस श्लोक में बताया है कि ज्ञान किसको मिलता हैं—जिसमें श्रद्धा है, जो भगवत् परायण है, जिसकी इन्द्रियाँ वश में हैं, वह इस ज्ञान को पाता है और इसे पाते ही उसे तत्क्षण परम शान्ति प्राप्त होती है।'

अज्ञश्चाश्रद्दधानश्च संशयात्मा विनश्यति।
नायं लोकोऽस्ति न परो न सुखं संशयात्मनः॥

'अज्ञानी मनुष्य जिसके मन में श्रद्धा नहीं है, जो संशयात्मा है वह नाश की ओर जाता है। उसे लोक और परलोक दोनों में ही सुख नहीं मिल सकता।'

योग सन्यस्तकर्माणं ज्ञान सञ्छिन्न संशयम्।
आत्मवंतं न कर्माणि निबध्नन्ति धनंजय॥

'जिसने अपने कर्मों को योग बुद्धि द्वारा त्याग दिया, जिसने अपना संदेह ज्ञान से काट दिया, जो आत्म परायण है उसे हे धनंजय, कर्म नहीं बाँध सकते'। इस अध्याय को बन्द करते हुए भगवान कहते हैं—

तस्मादज्ञानसंभूतं हृत्स्थं ज्ञानासिनात्मनः।
छित्त्वैनं संशयं योगमातिष्ठोतिष्ठ भारत॥

"इसलिए हे अर्जुन, ज्ञान से उत्पन्न हुए आत्म-विषयक संशय को ज्ञानरूपी तलवार से काट कर, योग में शरण लो और उठो।'

जिस ज्ञान को पाने से मनुष्य को संसार से मोक्ष मिलता है, उस ज्ञान को भगवान राजविद्या कहते हैं अर्थात् सब विद्याओं में वह राजा है। उसे राजगुह्य भी कहते हैं क्योंकि गुप्त वस्तुओं में वह सर्व श्रेष्ठ है, पवित्र करने वालों में वह सब से उत्तम है, प्रत्यक्ष रूप से वह जाना जा सकता है, वह धर्म युक्त है साधन करने में सुगम और अव्यय फल को देने वाला है।

गीता के १८ वें अध्याय में तीन प्रकार के ज्ञान का उल्लेख किया गया है। सब से नीचे दर्जे का वह विपरीत ज्ञान है जो इस क्षणभंगुर नाशवान शरीर को आत्मा समझकर उसमें आसक्त रहता है, दूसरे दर्जे का ज्ञान मनुष्य से मनुष्य को, और जीव से जीव को पृथक् जानता है, परन्तु सबसे उत्तम और सात्विक ज्ञान वह है जो सब जीवों में एक अविनाशी परमात्मा को देखता है। भगवान जगह-जगह यह बताते हैं कि अनित्य में नित्य, और समस्त जगत का आधार वही हैं। कहीं वे कहते हैं कि जैसे 'मणि तागे में बंधे हुए हैं उसी तरह सम्पूर्ण जगत मुझ में गुँथा हुआ है।' कहीं वे कहते हैं इस देह में जीवात्मा मेरा ही सनातन अंश है' और कहीं वह कहते हैं कि जो सब जीवों को मुझ में देखता है और मुझको सब जीवों में उसे मैं कभी नहीं छोड़ता और वह भी मुझे कभी नहीं छोड़ सकता। इस तरह से अनेक शब्दों में भगवान ने आत्मा और परमात्मा की अभिन्नता का उपदेश दिया है। यह ईश्वर और जीव की एकता ही ज्ञान की पराकाष्ठा है। इसी को प्रत्यक्ष रूप से जानने के लिए ऋषिमुनि जन्म-जन्म तपस्या करते हैं। यही बार-बार उपनिषदों में दोहराया गया है और इसी का नाम है अद्वैत वेदान्त। यही हम निर्धन भारतवासियों का परम धन है।

द्वैतवादियों का कहना है कि मनुष्य की शुद्ध रूप आत्मा परमात्मा से सदा भिन्न है परन्तु अद्वैत का अर्थ है कि आत्मा परमात्मा का ही अंश है। उसका उदाहरण यों दिया जाता है जैसे कि लहर और समुद्र, ताना-बाना और वस्त्र, घड़ा और मिट्टी का सम्बन्ध वैसे ही जीव और ईश्वर का भी है। द्वैत मत भगवान और भक्त में, देवता और पुजारी में, आराध्य आराधक में जो भेद है उसे अमिट समझते हैं। संसार के सब धर्मों में यह हिन्दू धर्म ही एक ऐसा धर्म है जो द्वैत और अद्वैत, साकार और निराकार, निर्गुण और सगुण ब्रह्म दोनों का ही उपासक है। राष्ट्रपति राधाकृष्णन अपनी एक पुस्तक में कहते हैं कि यद्यपि ईसाई धर्म का सिद्धांत है कि सब मनुष्यों से ऐसा प्रेम करना चाहिये जैसे अपने आप से करते हो, परन्तु हम ऐसा क्यों करें इसका उत्तर केवल हमारे वेदान्त में पाया जाता है। उत्तर यह है कि प्रत्येक जीव हमारी अपनी ही आत्मा है। ज्ञान योग का सबसे बड़ा और अंतिम उपदेश यही है। स्वामी विवेकानन्द ने बार-बार अपने लेखों में इस विचार की पुष्टि की है। वह कहते हैं कि जो दरिद्र, निर्बल और रोगी में शिव को देखता है वही शिव का सच्चा उपासक है, जो शिव को केवल मूर्ति में देखता है वह नीचे दर्जे का भक्त है। स्वामी जी प्रार्थना करते हैं कि 'मैं बार-बार जन्म लूँ और हजारों कष्ट उठाऊँ जिसमें मैं अपने उस प्रभु की पूजा कर सकूँ जो सब जातियों के पापी, दुखी और गरीबों में निवास करता है।"

आजकल एक महान युगपरिवर्तन के चिह्न सर्वत्र दिखाई दे रहे हैं। हमलोग उस भौतिक सभ्यता के वश में हो गये हैं जिसका जन्म चाहे पश्चिम में हुआ हो परन्तु उसका साम्राज्य इस समय विश्वव्यापी हो रहा है। विलास-प्रेम, लोभ और हिंसा की उसने ऐसी भयानक धधकती हुई अग्नि सुलगा रखी है जिसकी ज्वाला से संसार तप रहा है। मनुष्य जाति के अंग-अंग शिथिल हो रहे हैं, सब के हृदय में उद्वेग और आँखों में धुँधलापन छाया हुआ है। अब भारत की शान्तिमयी सभ्यता के पुनरुत्थान का समय आ गया है। संसार की बहिर्मुखी धारा को अन्तर्मुखी बनाना, धर्म की दृष्टि उसमें जाग्रत करना यह हमारा नया युग-धर्म है और भारतीय आत्मज्ञान में मोती चारों ओर बिखेरने से वह प्राप्त हो सकता है। हम भारतवासियों पर दोहरी जिम्मेवारी है—एक तो उस आत्मज्ञान को अपनाना, दूसरे उसे संसार को भेंट देना। भारत तपोमय देश है और हमने उसकी गोद में जन्म लिया है, मनुष्य परमात्मा का अंश है और उसकी शक्ति अपार है। उस पुराने धर्मक्षेत्र से एक धीमी और मधुर आवाज उठ रही है, मानो वह हमें पुकार रही है। सुनिये वह कहती है।

तस्मात्त्वमुत्तिष्ठ यशो लभस्व जित्वा शत्रून्भुङ्क्ष्व राज्यं समृद्धम्।
मयैवैते निहिता पूर्वमेव निमित्तमात्रं भव सव्यसाचिन्॥

'तू खड़ा हो शत्रुओं को जीत, यश को प्राप्त कर और धन-धान्य से सम्पन्न राज्य को भोग। यह सब शत्रु मेरे द्वारा पहले ही मारे गए हैं, हे सव्यसाची अर्जुन, तू निमित्त मात्र बन।'

भारत में इस समय बड़ी भारी शक्ति का जागरण हो चुका है। इस वर्तमान युग की यह एक विशेषता है जो सब लोग नहीं जानते हैं। यदि हम दुर्बलता के आवरण को त्यागकर आत्मज्ञान में प्रतिष्ठित होकर उधर ध्यान देंगे तो वह शक्ति स्वयं हमें विजय की ओर ले जाएगी और यदि हम तन-मन से उस शक्ति को अपनायेंगे तो वह अपने बल हमें आत्मविकास के शिखर पर पहुँचा देगी।

अंत में मेरी यही प्रार्थना है कि विजय-लाभ की ओर ले जाने वाली भगवान की इस अमर-वाणी की हम उपेक्षा न करें। यह आवाज सदा हमारे कानों में गूँजती रहे। गीता-ज्ञान से प्रेरित होकर प्राणिमात्र के हृदय की अशान्ति दूर करने में हम समर्थ हों, आध्यात्मिक अनुभूति से हम अपना जीवन सफल करें तथा ऋषि-मुनियों की सन्तान कहलाने के सच्चे अधिकारी बनें।

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कश्मीरियों के तीज-त्यौहार

एम० के० ओग्रा

प्राकृति ने कश्मीर को प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य तथा वातावरण में अति सुन्दर बनाया है। यहाँ के सौन्दर्य से प्रकृति-माता की गुप्त कला का अनुभव होता है। यह सौन्दर्य प्रकृति माता की दया से मौसम के परिवर्तन के साथ-साथ बदलता रहता है और यहाँ के लोग इसका खूब आनन्द उठाते हैं। मौसमों के प्रत्यावर्तन के साथ कश्मीरियों के तीज-त्यौहार काफी सम्बन्धित हैं। कश्मीरी सदा ही मेलों ठेलों, त्यौहारों की खोज में रहते हैं। झाडा आरम्भ होते ही जीवन सुकड़-सा जा रहा है। 'शीना प्यतो प्यतो' की पुकार ठिठुरे तथा धुन्धलाए हुये वातावरण में गूँजती रहती है। समावारों की चाय तथा बाकरखानियों से आनन्दित कश्मीरी हिमपात से पहले हो रहे मौसम की तबदीली में बड़ा आनन्द लेते हैं।

'नवशीन' कश्मीरियोंका पुराना त्यौहार है। सबसे पहले बर्फ गिरने के साथ ही साथ मित्र, रिश्तेदार आपस में पत्र भेजते हैं तथा लिफाफे में बन्द करके बर्फ भी भेजते हैं। लेनेवाले ने यदि लिफाफा खोल दिया तो उसको दावत की जिम्मेदारी हो जाती है। नवशोन के दिन नव-विवाहित कन्याओं के माता-पिता उन्हें तथा उनके पति देवों को मिठाई, काड़े, स्वादिष्ट भोजन भिजवाते हैं। 'खेचिमावस', शिशुर' और गाडबत' के त्योहार भी इन्हीं दिनों मनाये जाते हैं। इन दिनों लोग मछलियाँ भी अधिक खाते हैं। कारण यह कि सर्दियों में तालाबों, झीलों तथा नदियों का पानी कम होता है जिससे अधिक मछलियाँ पकड़ी जाती हैं।

मार्च में बर्फ के पिघलते ही ठिठुरी हुई प्रकृति करवट बदलती है और एक नई चेतना से जागती है। वन-उपवन, बाग-बगीचे अपना खोया हुआ सौन्दर्य तथा यश फिर से प्राप्त करने की प्रसन्नता में फूले न समाते हुए दिखाई देते हैं। उन्हीं दिनों सरसों फूलती है और सृष्टि के दूसरे छोर तक फैले दूर क्षितिज को छूते हुए से लगे रहे पीली सरसों के खेत लहराने लगते हैं। इन्हीं दिनों शिवरात्रि का महापर्व कश्मीरी पण्डित बड़ी धूमधाम से मनाते हैं। चारों ओर चहल-पहल, स्नान, सफाई लीपन, मांजना धांजना, पूजा-पाठ की धूमधाम होती है। छोटे बच्चों के लिये यह पर्व अति प्रसन्नता का कारण है क्योंकि दिल खोलकर वे कोडियों के विभिन्न खेलों—'कुन्नी', 'जुफ ताक', 'दिवि तिवि नन्द पुरि, 'पुशरन उबस चरगाड' आदि में मस्त रहते हैं। यह पर्व पन्द्रह दिन पहले से ही आरम्भ होता है और त्रयोदशी तक प्रत्येक दिन के लिये अलग-अलग महिमा तथा रीति पालन बतलाये जाते हैं। इसके कुछ ही दिन बाद "तील अठम" का पर्व मनाते हैं। उस दिन हर आंगन तथा जेलहम नदी के कई घाटों पर काँगड़ियाँ जलाई जाती हैं। इससे बहार का स्वागत तथा झाडे को विदा किया जाता है।

फूली हुई सरसों की महक सारी घाटी में छा जाती है। बहार का स्वागत सारी घाटी भर में धूमधाम से होता है। 'सोंत' याने बहार का सन्देश कश्मीरी पण्डित घरानों में आकर्षक रूप से पहुँचाया जाता है। शिवरात्रि के कुछ ही दिन बाद एक दिन सूर्योदय से पहले प्रत्येक घराने की ज्येष्ठ स्त्री एक बड़ी थाली में चावल, दूध, दही, धान, भात, फूल, चित्र, लक्ष्मी तथा सरस्वती माता को संकेत करनेवाली वस्तुएँ—प्रकृति माता की सब विभूतियों से सजाई हुई—रखकर घर के सब प्राणियों को उसका दर्शन तथा स्पर्श कराती है। इस तरह के नाना रसमों से कश्मीरी बहार का स्वागत करते हैं।

रामनवमी (चैत्र मासवाली) के दिन कश्मीरी पण्डित नवबहार का उत्सव मनाने के लिये घरों से बाहर निकलते हैं। इन दिनों बादामों का शगूफा खिल उठता है। नवरेह (नवरोज) यानी नूतन वर्ष का उत्सव मनाने के लिये सारा श्रीनगर इन दिनों हारी पर्वत के दामन में बसे बादामों के बगीचों में उमड़ आता है। यहाँ तो हर रोज मेला लगता है। बच्चे, बूढ़े, जवान, स्त्री-पुरुष झुण्ड बाँध बाँध कर उनमें शामिल होते हैं। किसी के हाथ में खासि—चाय के पीने के लिये काँसे के प्याले, किसी के हाथ में समावार, किसी के हाथ में कुछ—हारी पर्वत को आने वाली सड़कों पर केवल यही दिखाई देता है। इसी पर्वत की ढलानों पर स्थित चक्रीश्वर शारदापीठ की स्थापना—इसके थोड़ा ऊपर कश्मीर के ऐतिहासिक दुर्ग के भीतर शारिका देवी का मन्दिर जहाँ रामनवमी की पूजा सम्पन्न होती है, मख्दूम साहब तथा बोहदीन साहब की जियारत जहाँ उर्स होता है और छठी बादशाही के पुरातन गुरुद्वारे का पुण्यस्थल जहाँ हिन्दू मुसलमान और सिख अपनी श्रद्धा के फूल अर्पण करने के लिये पहुँचते हैं और सर्दियों के बाद आपस में गले मिलते हुये दिखाई देते हैं।

इन दिनों घर और नगर खाली हो जाते हैं। बच्चे, बूढ़े और जवान, गरीब और अमीर सब नवबहार का आनन्द लूटने के लिए इन उपवनों में पहुँचते हैं। बालक खुश होते हैं कि इस मेले में उन्हें उनकी मनपसन्द चीज नदरू और सिंघाड़े के पकौड़े तेल के पराठों के साथ खाने को मिलेंगे और उनको गुड्डी उड़ाने की खुली छुट्टी रहती है। सबसे व्यस्त और सबसे खुश नवयुवक और नवयुवतियों का वर्ग होता है। बहार....

और फिर कश्मीर की बहार....उसमें सौन्दर्य और उल्लास का उमड़ता हुआ दरिया....विभोर न हो जाए इन्सान तो क्या करे। प्राय: बड़े-बूढ़े यह कहते हुए मिलते हैं कि इन त्यौहारों की दिलचस्पियाँ और रंगीनियाँ तो नौजवानों के लिए हैं क्योंकि बसन्त के आगमन के साथ ही जवां दिल भी उल्लास पूर्ण विनोद से आन्दोलित हो उठते हैं। कश्मीर के स्थानीय त्योहारों में संगीत और नृत्य की बहती हुई मादकता, नया उत्साह, नई उमंग और नया जोश, नई आकांक्षाओं को नये बल का सन्देश देती हुई मानव को मोह लेती है।

'नवरेह' और रामनवमी' के त्योहारों के साथ कश्मीरी मेलों का एक लम्बा क्रम शुरू होता है। बैसाखी को और उसके पश्चात् हर रविवार को मुगलों द्वारा निर्मित निशात, शालामार और नसीम उपवनों में मेला लगता है। कश्मीरी परिवार प्राय बैसाखी से एक दो दिन पहले ही किसी डूंगे में बैठकर इन उपवनों की ओर प्रस्थान कर देते हैं। रात झील या दरिया में कटती है और दिन किसी उपवन में गुजारते हैं। मुगल उपवनों में कश्मीरी परिवार सारा सारा दिन किसी कुञ्ज में दिल बहलाव का सामान करते हैं। समूची घाटी हमहमाकर आसफशाह और शाहजहाँ द्वारा निर्मित इन उपवनों में उमड़ आती है। दूर दूर के गांवों से ग्रामीण स्त्रियाँ बड़े बड़े समावार, कम्बल और खाने पकानेके अन्य बर्तनों को सिरों पर उठाये मेलों में घूमती हुई दिखाई देती हैं।

किसी कुंज में भारत के विभिन्न भागों तथा विदेशों से आये हुए कश्मीर की शोभा तथा सौन्दर्य और प्रकृति माता की अमूल्य कला देखने के लिये आये हुये पर्यटक गण अपने कैमरे से फोटो उठाने की शक्ति जाँचने की उत्सुकता में, उनसे थोड़ी दूर कोई कश्मीरी परिवार कहवा, पराठे तथा नदरू की पकौड़ी खानेमें लगे हुये मस्त दिखायी देते हैं। उधर ही पास में कोई गाईड किसी विदेशी यात्री को हारी पर्वत के पठार के चारों ओर बनी दीवार के अवशेषों की कहानी सुना रहा दिखाई देता है जिसका निर्माण अकबर ने किया था, या अभागे शाहजादे दारा शिकोह की कहानी, जिसके गुरु आखुन मुल्ला की समाधि के अवशेष इसी पठार की एक ढलान पर अतीत की याद दिलाते हैं, या फिर मखदूम साहब के चमत्कारों की कहानी या शायद शारिका मन्दिर की कहानी जो महर्षि कश्यप से जा मिलती है; न जाने इन पर्वतों की ढलानों पर स्थित बीसियों अवशेषों में कितनी ही कहानियाँ दफन हैं।

जब कमल खिलते हैं तो कश्मीरी शिकारों और डूँगों में तेलबल पहुँचते हैं। तेलबल निशात शालीमार और हजरतबल के बीच झील डलका एक ऐसा स्थल है, जिसे तनहाई चाहनेवाले बहुत पसन्द करते हैं। तनहाई और उत्सव दो परस्पर विरोधी बातें हैं; किन्तु हर वर्ष जब कमल खिलते हैं तो इस निस्तब्ध स्थल की तनहाइयों पर एक हंगामा-सा छा जाता है। रीतिकालीन कश्मीरी काव्य में इस मेले का उल्लेख कई स्थानों पर मिलता है।

धार्मिक त्योहारों में तुलामुला और हजरतबल के उत्सव सर्वाधिक लोकप्रिय हैं। यह वर्ष में कई बार आते हैं। तुलामुला (खीर भवानी) जहाँ राज्ञा देवी का मन्दिर है हर शुक्ल अष्टमी को त्योहार होता है। हिन्दू लोग यहाँ डूँगों में, पैदल, ताँगों में, बसों में नंगे पाँव आते हैं। ज्येष्ठ शुक्ल अष्टमी को यहाँ तिल धरने की भी जगह नहीं रहती है। धार्मिक स्थानों में यह सबसे अधिक लोकप्रिय है। यहाँ का वातावरण शीतल तथा बहुत मनोहर है। ईद मीलाद-उल-नबी, मेराज शरीफ और इनके बाद आनेवाले प्रथम गुरुवार वाले उत्सवों में बहुत गहमागहमी रहती है। इन दो उत्सवों के दिन यहाँ बाबा ऋषि और कबीर साहब की जियारत भी होती है। कई त्योहार तो कई-कई दिन रहते हैं। अनन्तनाग में ऋषि मोल साहब का उर्स नौ दिन तक रहता है। यह वार्षिक होता है और पतझड़ में मनाया जाता है। जब चिनारों के पत्ते लाल हो जाते हैं और लाल होकर घाटी को नया रूप दे देते हैं और इस रूप की अवधि बिलकुल थोड़ी होती है। सर्दियों में घर बैठने की कसर गर्मियों में हर तीसरे-चौथे दिन त्योहार मनाकर पूरी कर ली जाती है। खानकाह मुल्ला का उत्सव, उसी मस्जिद में स्थित काली देवी का उत्सव, खानेयार शरीफ का उर्स, तुलमुल्ला के त्यौहार, खिव का त्योहार, ऋषि पीर का जन्म दिन, नवरेह अमावस्या, शादीपुर का मेला, बाबा ऋषि का उत्सव, दसहेरा का उत्सव, जन्म अष्टमी पर "बीद भगवान' याने भगवान कृष्ण की सवारी का आनन्दायक जलूस श्रावण पूर्णिमा के अवसर पर शंकराचार्य पहाड़ी पर स्थित शिव मन्दिर का त्योहार जहाँ यात्री—बूढ़े, जवान, बच्चे सब पहाड़ी की दामन में स्थित दुर्गानाग मन्दिर में चतुर्दशी की रात को स्नान करके रात के समय ही शंकराचार्य पहाड़ी को चढ़ करके शिवजी को दूध, अर्घ, फल आदि चढ़ा के वापस आते हैं—कोई कहाँ तक गिनाए, गर्ज यह कि कोई अवसर भी हाथ से जाने नहीं दिया जाता है जबकि कश्मीरी प्रकृति माता के असली रूप तथा सौन्दर्य का आनन्द नहीं उठाते हैं।

"प्रतिभाशाली कवि ब्रजनारायण चकबस्त"

जन्म १८८२—स्वर्गवास १९२६

[लेखक – ब्रजकृष्ण गुर्टू, कल्लन की लाट, लखनऊ]

जब चकबस्त का कोई नाम लेता है मेरे सामने उनका चित्र आकर खड़ा हो जाता है, मुझे सावधान करता है और चेतावनी देता है कि गलत राह पर न चलूँ। उस महान इनसान के विषय में जब सोचता हूँ तो मुझको एक ऐसा मुकम्मल इनसान दिखता है जैसा इस जन्म में देखा नहीं न आगे देखने की आशा है। उसके जीवन में कहीं भी तनिक सा धब्बा भी ढूँढ़े नहीं मिलता।

उर्दू के कवियों में काशमीरी समाज ने अनेक रत्न पैदा किये। दया-शंकर नसीम, बिशन नारायण दर और आधुनिक काल में आनन्द नारायण मुल्ला ने बहुत ख्याति प्राप्त की। गद्य लिखने वालों में रतन नाथ सरशार, कृष्ण प्रसाद कौल का डंका आज भी उर्दू जगत में बज रहा है और बजता रहेगा, पर चकबस्त कवि तो थे ही, साथ ही साथ कुछ और भी थे जिनके कारण उनके स्वर्गवास होने के ३६ वर्ष बाद भी यह कहना पड़ता है :—

सिसकी न भरी, सर भी न धुना, जब्त से हमने काम लिया।
पर आँख में आंसू थम न सके जब तेरा किसी ने नाम लिया॥

ऐसा क्यों होता है ? उसका एकमात्र कारण यह है कि चकबस्त ने हमको उँगली पकड़ कर दुनिया में सीधे रास्ते चलना सिखाया। मुझको ही नहीं, उस समय के सब बच्चों को इनसान बनाया। उनके लिये तो चकबस्त—

त्वमेव माता च पिता त्वमेव, त्वमेव बन्धुश्च गुरु त्वमेव।
त्वमेव विद्या द्रविणं त्वमेव, त्वमेव सर्वं मम देव देव॥

दुनिया ने चकबस्त को कवि के रूप में देखा है, हमने उनको इनसान के रूप में देखा है। इनसान कवि से कहीं ऊँचा है, इसलिये जो उनकी कविता पर मुग्ध हैं उनसे तो हम यही कहेंगे।

शमअ देखी नहीं फानूस के परवाने हैं।

मैंने चकबस्त को पहले पहल १९०४ में देखा। मेरी आयु उस समय १० वर्ष की थी। मेरे बड़े भाई बीमार थे और वह उनकी तीमार-दारी करते थे, रात दिन एक कर दिया, पर दवा ने कुछ काम न किया और बड़े भाई मेरा हाथ चकबस्त को पकड़ा कर इतमीनान से सो रहे।

बीमारी में इनकी सी सेवा करनेवाला मैंने नहीं देखा। एक भाई की नहीं, अनेक व्यक्तियों की सेवा करते उनका जन्म बीता। स्वर्गीय मनोहरलाल ज्योतिषी ने उनके चरित्र के इस पहलू को दृष्टि में रखते हुए प्रयाग के Leader अखबार में २४ फरवरी सन् १९२६ को यों लिखा था—

But eminent as he was as a poet, he will be mourned ever more, much more, as a man and as a friend. Honourable and generous in his dealings, with all, integrity loyalty and modesty formed the tenture of his character and he was singularly free from that bitterness which tries to be great. He had a genious for friendship, his "Murawwat" was unbounded and every thing except his honour, was at the disposal of his friends. Not for days and weeks but for months he attended on his friends placing his time, his energy and his money ungrudgingly at their service, and nursed them with unstinted devotion. No wonder his friends feel that the void caused in their circle by his death can not be filled.

यह रेखा चित्र अक्षरशः सत्य है। हमारे लिये वह कवि ही नहीं एक मुकम्मल इनसान थे।

वह मुकम्मल इनसान कैसे हुए। जिस समय उन्होंने होश संभाला उनके पिता श्री उदितनारायण चकबस्त मर चुके थे, अपनी जन्मभूमि फैजाबाद छोड़ वह अपने मामू श्री लालता प्रसाद बटपोरी की संरक्षता में लखनऊ आ चुके थे। उनका निवास स्थान काश्मीरी मुहल्ला था जहाँ उस समय काश्मीरी पण्डितों की बस्ती थी। उस समय काश्मीरियों में पंडित राजनारायण बख्शी, पं० लक्ष्मीनारायण दर वकालत में चमक चुके थे। पं० बिशननारायण दर विलायत से आ चुके थे और पं० जानकी नाथ चक व पंडित जगतनारायण मुल्ला उस समय लखनऊ के काश्मीरी आकाश के चढ़ते हुए सितारे थे।

यह सब होते हुए भी काश्मीरी मुहल्ले का वातावरण दूषित था और बच्चों के पनपने के लिये अनुकूल न था। चौराहे पर एक दूकान थी जहाँ अखंड चौसर, पच्चीसी, गंजीफा व ताश का रंग जमा रहता था। सूरत शकल के अच्छे थे, कमर में शक्ति थी इसलिए घर की रानीसाहब के अतिरिक्त दिल के बहलाने के लिए और भी सामान आवश्यक था।

बच्चों को गुमराह करने के लिये यह सब साधन हमारे दरवाजे पर थे।

चकबस्त ने देखा और सोचा । भगवान ने उनको दिल दिया था, जिसमें यह सब देखकर उनको टीस उठती थी । उनके ही शब्दों में उनके दिल की हालत सुनिये ।

वह भी क्या आलम था जब दुनिया से दिल आजाद था,
और सब भूले थे एक किस्सा वफा का याद था,
कौम का सौदा वफा का शौक खिदमत की उमंग,
बस इन्हीं दो तीन के सदके में दिल आबाद था,
कोफ्त थी हमको अगर गुमराह था बच्चा कोई ।
हम भी खुश थे जब किसी मासूम का दिल शाद था ॥

गुमराह बच्चों ने उनके दिल को बेचैन किया और उन्होंने काश्मीरी मुहल्ले में काशमीरी बच्चों के लिए एक Club कायम किया । Club में केवल एक आना महीना चन्दा लिया जाता था । बच्चों को इनाम मिलते थे । मजमून लिखवा स्पीच देना सिखाया जाता था । जुवा न खेलने की शपथ ली जाती थी । कुछ दिन बाद एक पुस्तकालय भी खुला और हर शाम वहाँ बच्चे जमा हो समाचार पत्र पढ़ने लगे, गंजीफे और चौसर का रंग फीका पड़ने लगा । चकबस्त के सम्पर्क में आने का हमको अधिक अवसर मिलने लगा और हम उनके चरित्र का प्रभाव अपने ऊपर पड़ने से रोक न सके । उनके शब्दों में सुनिये ।

गोकि बाकी नहीं कैफीयते तूफाने शबाब,
फंस के जंजाल के दुनिया के यह किस्सा हुआ ख्वाब ?
मस्त रहता है मगर अब भी दिले खाना खराब,
शाम को बैठ के महफिल लुटाता हूँ शराब ।
नशए इल्म की उम्मीद पै जीने वाले ।
सिमट आते हैं सरेशाम से पीनेवाले ॥

उस महफिल की शराब का, जो चकबस्त ने उस समय के बच्चों को पिलाई थी नशा आज तक नहीं उतरा । वह बच्चे अब बूढ़े हुए पर उनसे आज भी मिलिये तो वह यही कहेंगे कि इस दुनिया में जो कुछ उन्होंने पाया वह सब चकबस्त की देन है । तनिक उस शराब का मजा चखिये जो वह लुटाया करते थे ।

चमने उम्र हमेशा न रहेगा शादाब,
खुम में बाकी न रहेगी यह जवानी की शराब
नशए इल्म में हर वक्त रहो तुम सरकाब,
शाने तालीम यही है यह तहजीबे शबाब,
ले उड़े दिल को तबीयत की रवानी वह है ।
बे पिये नशा रहे जिसमें जवानी वह है ॥

धीरे धीरे काशमीरी मुहल्लेका वातावरण पलटा, जो चौसर गंजीफे व ताश के पुजारी चकबस्त को बागी समझते थे और उनकी संस्था को सन्देह की दृष्टि से देखते थे बच्चों के रंग ढंग देखकर उनके दिलों में भी परिवर्तन आया और एक दिन वह आया जब चकबस्त ने कहा :—

कौम में आठ बरस से है यह गुलशन शादाब,
चेहरए गुल पै यहाँ पासे अदब की है नकाब,
मेरे आईनए दिल में है फकत इसका जवाब,
इसके कांटों पै किया निसार अपना शबाब,
काम शबनम का लिया दीदं तर से अपने,
मैने सींचा है इसे खूने जिगर से अपने ॥
हर बरस रंग पै आता ही गया यह गुलजार,
फूल तहजीब के खिलते गये मिटते गए खार,
पत्ती पत्ती से हुआ रंगे वफा का इजहार,
नौ जवानाने चमन बन गए तसवीरे बहार ।
रंगे गुल देख के दिल कौम का दीवाना हुआ ।
जो था बदख्वाह चमन सबजए बेगाना हुआ ॥
किसको मालूम थी इस गुलशने इखलाक की राह,
मैने फूलों को किया रंगे वफा से आगाह,
अब तो इस बाग पै हैं सब की मुहब्बत की निगाह,
जो कि पौधे थे शजर हो गए माशा अल्लाह,
कौन है आज जो इसे बज्म में मसरूर नहीं ।
रूह सरशार भी खिंच आए तो कुछ दूर नहीं ॥

बहैसियत शासर के श्री तेज बहादुर सप्रू ने उनके बारे में लिखा था—

Chakbast is essentially a Lucknow man in his taste and is steeped in the literary traditions of Lucknow. In literary form his poetry bears the unmistakable impress of the Lucknow-school but he is essentially a representative poet of his times. His poetry appeals more to the hearts and imaginations of the rising generation than to the standard tastes of the older generation. Brij Narain Chakbast's merits as a poet and artist are universaly acknowledged by his contemporaries and while tastes differ and judgments are revised from generation to generation it is not much of a prophecy to say, that as time passes and Urdu poetry is more and more rescued from the shackles of artificial taste, and breathes the atmosphere of new freedom, Braj Narain's reputation will steadily grow and succeeding generations will recognise him as a great pioneer of a new school of poetry.

बकौल सपरू साहब के शायद चकबस्त बहैसियत शाएर के बहुत दिन जीवित रहेगा, और उसकी कला के आदर करने वाले बढ़ते रहेंगे पर उसका अन्त १२ फरवरी १९२६ को रायबरेली के स्टेशन पर आ गया । वह एक मुकदमे में रायबरेली गए थे । सुबह जाते समय अच्छे खासे थे । वापस आते रेल में बैठते ही पक्षाघात का आक्रमण हुआ । रेल से उतारे

गए। दोस्तों ने डाक्टर बुलाया। लखनऊ से बड़े भाई पं० महाराज नारायण चकबस्त गए पर केवल उस इनसान की लाश ११ बजे रात को वापस ला सके। जिन बच्चों की देख रेख वे बीमारी में करते थे वह हाथ मलते रह गए, अपनी सेवा करने का किसी को अवसर न दिया। बिना किसी की सेवा स्वीकार किये सो रहे।

जिस समय उनका शव उनके निवास स्थान पहुँचा, मैं और उनके एहसानमन्द मौजूद थे।

उनकी माँ को इतना होश था कि उन्होंने मुझ से कहा "विरज् बारह् रात के बजे हैं। तुम घर जावो। तुम्हारी तबीयत ठीक नहीं रहती। तुम्हें अब सो जाना चाहिये।" मैं न चाहते हुए भी उस देवी की बात टाल न सका और यह सोचता घर लौटा कि ऐसी ही माँ चकबस्त को जन्म दे सकती थी। ऐसे पुत्र को जन्म देना मामूली माँ के बूते की बात नहीं थी।

हमने चाहा कि उस इनसान की धुँधली पड़ती तसबीर को सजाकर रक्खें और स्वर्गीय ब्रज कृष्ण टोपा ने उसके लिये चकबस्त स्मारक निधि स्थापित की जिसकी आय से गरीब काश्मीरी बच्चों को छात्रवृत्ति दे इल्म का नशा पिलाया जावे। वह संस्था चल रही है। अब मैं उसका मन्त्री हूँ। चकबस्त के ध्येय को पूरा करने की चेष्टा करता हूँ। पूँजी कम है। मँहगाई में उसको बढ़ाने की आवश्यकता है, क्या प्रार्थना करने की आवश्यकता है कि उस राशि को बढ़ाने में आप हमारी सहायता करें। यदि ऐसा हो सके तो उस इनसान की आत्मा को खुशी होगी और हमारे गरीब बच्चों का उपकार होगा।

चन्दनवारी

ललित रैणा, कक्षा ७

'चन्दनवारी' यानी 'चन्दन का बगीचा' एक बगीचा नहीं बल्कि वहाँ कुछ पेड़ चन्दन के अवश्य हैं। रविवार, सुबह सात बजे हमलोग, मेरे माता-पिता, मेरा छोटा भाई और मैं तीन पहाड़ी घोड़ों पर चढ़कर पहलगाम से चन्दनवारी के लिये निकले।

मैंने कलकत्ते में मशीन से बनाया हुआ बरफ देखा था, किन्तु प्राकृतिक बरफ नहीं देखा था। हाँ, कश्मीर जाते समय दूर पहाड़ों पर मैंने थोड़ा सा बर्फ देखा था, किन्तु पास जाकर देखने का अवसर मुझे अब तक नहीं मिला था। इसलिये मैं प्राकृतिक बर्फ देखने के लिये भी उत्सुक था।

'चन्दनवारी' पहलगाम से दस मील दूर और समुद्र की सतह से दस हजार फीट ऊँचा है। वहाँ जानेवाला रास्ता बहुत ऊबड़-खाबड़ है। कहीं-कहीं पर यह रास्ता बहुत ही पथरीला और सँकरा है। कभी-कभी सीधा चोटी की तरफ जाना होता है। तब ऐसा लगता है कि हमलोग गिर जायेंगे, परन्तु वह केवल भ्रम ही होता है। रास्ते के एक तरफ तो ऊँचे पहाड़ हैं और दूसरी तरफ झरने इत्यादि हैं। प्राकृतिक वातावरण बहुत अच्छा है। चन्दनवारी पहुँचने के लिये मैंने घोड़ा इतना तेज चलाया कि चन्दनवारी पहुँचने में जहाँ दो-ढाई घण्टे लगते थे वहाँ डेढ़ घण्टे ही लगे।

चन्दनवारी से सटकर एक नदी बहती है जिसका नाम पंचतरणी है। चन्दनवारी में एक ग्लेशियर है। यहाँ मेरे पिता जी मेरे छोटे भाई और मैंने ग्लेशियर पर चढ़ने की कोशिश की। कुछ दूर जाने पर मेरा भाई फिसल गया। मेरे पिताजी ने उसका हाथ पकड़ कर कुछ दूर तक चढ़ाया। फिर हम सब फिसल कर नीचे आ गये। फिसलते समय पैरों में थोड़ी सी मोच लगी। दर्द भी हुआ किन्तु मजा भी खूब आया। उसी ग्लेशियर पर एक गुज्जर व्यक्ति चार बांस और उनके ऊपर कपड़ा बिछाकर गर्म-गर्म चाय बेचता था। बड़ी विचित्र बात यह थी कि उसने गुज्जर जलती लकड़ियों के ऊपर केटली रक्खा था और नीचे बर्फ था—इस दृश्य की मैंने कल्पना भी न की थी। पंचतरणी नदी उस ग्लेशियर के नीचे से बहती है। ऐसा लगता है कि ग्लेशियर नदी के ऊपर पुल है—प्रकृति की यह विचित्र लीला।

चन्दनवारी में खपरैलों, छप्परों आदि को लगाकर एक रेस्तराँ जैसा बनाया गया है। यहीं हमलोगों ने दोपहर का भोजन किया। वहाँ का वातावरण और प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य इतना मनोरम था कि हमें वहाँ की रूखी-सूखी चीजें भी अच्छी लगीं।

थोड़ी देर ठहरने के बाद हमलोग खुशी-खुशी घर वापस पहुँचे। इस प्रकार हमलोगों की यह छोटी-सी परन्तु मजेदार यात्रा समाप्त हुई।



ज़रा हँसिये तो

भूपेश ओग्रा, कक्षा ४

एक आदमी ने अचानक अपने सभी मित्रों को निमन्त्रण दिया। खाते समय एक मित्र ने पूछा—भाई, यह तुमने अभी तक बताया नहीं कि यह दावत किस बात की है। मेजमान ने कहा—अरे क्या बताएं, मेरा गद्दा कल खो गया, यह तो भगवान का लाख लाख शुक्र है कि मैं उस पर सवार नहीं था नहीं तो मैं भी खो जाता। इसीलिये आज मैंने अपने मित्रों को निमन्त्रण दिया है।

× × × × ×

अध्यापक श्री राधाकृष्ण हण्डू साहब ने श्याम से पूछा—तेरी जेब में तीन पाई है। अगर एक और आ जाय तो कितनी हो जायेगी ? श्याम ने कहा—सरजी, तब तो मेरी जेब ही फट जायेगी। अध्यापक ने पूछा—सो कैसे ? श्याम बोला—तीन में एक पाई मिले तो फिर चारपाई बन जायगी।

× × × × ×

एक देहाती सिनेमा घर में हुक्का पी रहा था। उसी समय सिनेमाघर के एक कर्मचारी ने आकर कहा कि जानते नहीं हो कि सिनेमाघर में बीडी-सिगरेट पीना मना है। देहाती ने कहा—देखते नहीं हो, मैं सिगरेट-बीड़ी नहीं पीता हूँ। मैं तो हुक्का पी रहा हूँ।

× × × × ×

डाकिया—इस लिफाफे पर एक और टिकट लगेगी क्योंकि यह ज्यादा भारी है।

देहाती—मगर एक और टिकट लगने से तो यह और भी ज्यादा भारी हो जायेगा।

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INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN JAMMU and KASHMIR

An Industrial Estate to provide facilities to small industries in private sector has been established at Gandhinagar, Jammu at a total cost of Rs. 20.00 lakhs. The Estate will house forty-six small factories, Thirty factory buildings have been alloted to 23 entrepreneurs. Besides, 18 small Industrial Estates at an estimated cost of Rs. 18.00 lakhs and 3 Functional Industrial Estates are being established in the State.

A Provision of Rs. 89.68 lakhs has been made for development of small scale Industries.

Industrial loans to the tune of Rs. 14.15 lakhs have been distributed among 919 parties during the first four years of the Second Five Year Plan. A State Financial Corporation has been set up with an authorised capital of Rs. 50.00 lakhs.

A separate Directorate of Geology and Mining has been set up to undertake prospecting activities for exploration of various minerals in the State.

A Mining and Mineral Products Corporation has been set up with an authorised capital of Rs. 5 crores for execution of projects relating to the mining of lignite, Coal and Gypsum, establishment of a Fertilizer cum cement Plant and a Thermal Power Station.

About 900 new designs and motifs were produced at the school of Designs for the development of various handicrafts.

An area of 2,000 acres has been brought under drug cultivation. A permanent building for Jammu exhibition has been constructed at a total cost of Rs. 11.00 lakhs.

More industries are being set up during the Third Five Year Plan.

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EDUCATION FOR ALL

The following are the concrete achievements made in the sphere of Education during the Second Five Year Plan :

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1. 1318 Activity Basic Schools were established.
2. 65 Primary Schools were converted into Basic Activity Schools.
3. The number of Primary Schools, Middle Schools and High or Higher Secondary Institutions which stood at 2852, 535 and 262 respectively by the end of Second Five Year Plan will rise to 4852, 835 and 312 respectively by the end of Third Five Year Plan.
4. Two Polytechnics, one in Jammu and the other in Srinagar were established. Also an Engineering College has been started in Nasim Bagh, Srinagar.
5. Rs. 9.35 lakhs were spent on Youth Welfare Schemes.
6. Scholarships to the tune of Rs. 6.55 were spent for the students belonging to backward classes.
7. One medical college has been established at Srinagar.
8. Two Agricultural Colleges one at Sopore (Kashmir) and the other at R. S. Pora (Jammu) have been opened.
9. The State has a teaching and Examining University which runs six Post-Graduate Departments, namely English, Mathematics, Hindi, Geology and Economics.

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KASHMIR SABHA

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